



No. 424.—VOL. XXXIII

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



SMILING SPRING.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD.

THE CLUBMAN ON HIS HOLIDAY.

Holiday-Making—What Algiers Knows of the Doings of the World.

THE sun is just rising, a ball of golden light, behind the purple Djurdjura Mountains, and is throwing a lane of glory across the silver bay, the surface of which is frosted by little zephyrs from the South. The dome of the Kouba, a seminary which takes its name from an old tomb, stands edged with gold in the middle distance, high above the pines through which the gorge of La Femme Sauvage writhes from the heights to the plain. All the white-faced villas on the Mustapha slopes, standing in tangles of roses and beds of violets and mignonette, amidst groves of pines and cedars, oleanders and acacias, have caught the bright light which gilds each snowy dot on the green hillside. Below is the town, all white and red, cypresses standing here and there above the roofs, and the barracks by the great parade-ground seem almost swallowed up in foliage. On the brown and green of the drill-field, what look from above to be black-and-white ants crawl round and round in circles—they are really Chasseurs d'Afrique on their little grey ponies circling in the *manèges*. It has but just struck seven, and the bells from some church up on the ridge at El Biar are ringing for morning mass; but, early as it is, it is pleasant to sit with open windows and to enjoy the air, which has levied a toll on the wildernesses of flowers, and is perfumed and soft, and scarce stirs the papers on the table by the windows.

Down in the town, by the wharves, heat and Babel and flies innumerable and a jostling crowd. In the Arab quarter—white-faced, blind to the outer world, as all Eastern towns are—are the smells and sights of the Orient. Grave-faced Arabs in haik and bernouse; women all in white, their veils drawn up to their eyes, their nether-garments great bunches of muslin or linen; negroes from the French Soudan in gay colours and with teeth that shine like rows of pearls; Jewish women with handkerchiefs tied under their chins—all swarm like bees in the narrow streets which zigzag up the hill, the houses leaning forward to each other and almost touching. But here, up on the Olympian heights, there are but beautiful things to see and smell and listen to—there is a pleasure in being alive and in taking in the light and warmth.

The London papers are all neatly laid on the table in the little reading-room of the English Club; the beautiful villa which was at one time used as a Club is no longer available, and the Clubmen of Mustapha have moved to smaller quarters in an annexe of the Hôtel St. George, where, however, they still show their old hospitality to members of certain English and American Clubs. But such news as we get of mornings comes through the columns of the flimsy little sheets, at a sou, published in the town. There is *La Petite Algérienne* and *Les Nouvelles*, and a very fiery publication, *L'Anti-Juif Algérien*. These little papers make De Wet into one word, "Wewet," and are quite oblivious of the fact that there is more than one Botha in the field. An atlas is evidently not a necessary article in an Algerian editorial sanctum, and, when the news of a British success has to be recorded, the editor appends a note that the news is probably false, and that the English War Office, according to its inevitable custom, has disguised the position of the forces, that its lamentable failures may not be brought to light.

We in England are hard enough, in all conscience, on the War Office, but it is astonishing to read what the Algerian editors say of it. The distribution about noon of *L'Anti-Juif* is a sight to see. The rush of the carts of the evening papers to Piccadilly Circus is tame in comparison. Down the Mustapha Hill, along the Boulevard de Bon Accueil, goes a four-wheeled cart, drawn by a grey pony, rattling over the stones with the noise of a hundred drums. A man and a boy, with their arms full of bundles of the paper, are in the cart, and twenty bare-legged little Arab boys follow the cart, shouting at the top of their voices.

The news that the *Anti-Juif* gives is surprising. Yesterday it announced that a summons had been issued against Max Regis, who, I gather, is the leader of the Algerian Anti-Juifs, and in the leading article commenting on this action the writer remarked: "The news of this dastardly action has justly exasperated the population of Algiers." Another most important item of news is that the Anti-Semites of Tizi Ouzou have presented Max Regis with a silver cup. Tizi Ouzou is a little village over yonder, under the purple mountains of Kabylia. The doings of Crowned Heads go into the smallest of print; the movements of armies are scarcely noticed at all; a French expedition, which is in the desert far away south of us, is entering town after town in triumph, but no notice at all is taken of its doings. We are far more interested in Algiers in the announcement of the date of the ball of Les Ouvriers Coiffeurs, or the production of "La Louve" at the Municipal Theatre, than in pageants, or Parliaments, or battles elsewhere.

It is delightful to ramble along the country roads on the ridge, either towards El Biar on the one hand or Birmaudreis on the other. Cedars and cacti, palms, bamboo, and oleanders, alternate with the broad vineyards red with the freshly turned earth and vast fields of peas and beans in flower. The Zouaves, straining under mammoth packs, seem to be route-marching all day long; squadrons of the Chasseurs d'Afrique ride up and down the roads; the bugles sound all day long on the heights; the native orderlies in crimson cloaks canter along perched high in their arm-chair saddles. It seems almost impossible that but a few days ago I was in smoky, dirty London, and that before I put pen to paper again for *The Sketch* I shall be back there again.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

A Big Battleship—A Wall of Iron—Australian Wine—The Rush for the Water—Sunday "Hooligans"—The Pigeon-Eater—A Neapolitan-Ice House.

IT is not often that "The Man in the Street" gets the chance of seeing the launch of a big battleship, but I had the good luck to be given an invitation to go down to Chatham when the *Albemarle* was launched last week. Like most of my kind, I know precious little of battleships and the Navy, but, like most Englishmen, I have a great liking for ships, and never miss a chance of having a look at them when I go down to the seaside in the summer. So, as I had the offer of a place to see the *Albemarle* started in life, it may easily be imagined that I took it at once, and was glad to get it.

I am not going to describe the ceremony, as that has been done pretty fully in the daily papers, and, besides, I should probably go wrong somewhere, for naval matters are as full of pitfalls as ladies' dresses. I got a place right alongside the *Albemarle*, and my first impression was of a huge wall of iron painted a dirty red and, higher up, a dull slate-colour, rising straight up in front of me to a great height. That was the side of the new ship. Then I looked down below, and, under the keel of that enormous mass of iron, I saw a number of men walking about quite calmly, as if it were a usual place for a stroll. Most of them were armed with what looked like sledge-hammers, and far away under the ship there must have been many more, for, while the chaplain was reading the prayers and the choir singing the hymns, I could hear the dull sound of hammering, as the workmen knocked away the supports which held the vessel in position.

My naval friend told me that each ship has her own peculiar note, and that this is always listened for anxiously, as a round, clear note means good work and good luck. It sounded to me like a great dull bell, and, as no one protested, I presume that it was all right. Then came the breaking of the wine-bottle, which was duly smashed against the part of the ram which will be under water, and as the red wine dripped from the curved iron it looked to me like blood. I am told that the wine used was from South Australia, and, indeed, it seems absurd to have gone on using French liquor to christen our battleships when the Empire can produce good stuff from its own grapes.

There was a cord stretched tight along the side of the ship, ending on the sort of desk from which the bottle had been swung. After a pause—for the tide to come in, I believe—the wife of the Admiral at the Nore cut it with a chisel, and it flew back like a piece of elastic. My first idea was that the cord had taken the best part of my nose with it, but I was afterwards pleased to find that I was mistaken. What it really did was to loose something somewhere, with the result that the ship began to move. All at once, the huge mass of metal became endowed with life. It moved, slowly at first, and then quicker and quicker, till it tore down the greased ways, and slid, without a pause or a hitch, smoothly and steadily, but with irresistible force, into the water. There was a breathless tension among the crowd as the ship moved, and then, when it was seen that the launch was perfect, a great cheer rose up, drowning the band which welcomed the addition to the Navy with nautical airs.

It is nearly a year ago that I called attention in this column to the curious Sunday evening promenade in the Strand. The people apparently come up from the East-End, and, as a rule, they walk along quietly and peaceably, filling up the whole pavement, but going along steadily at a fixed pace, and looking neither to the right-hand nor the left. Occasionally, some youngsters of the "Hooligan" sort link arms and push people into the gutter, and generally behave after the "bullragging" fashion of their kind. I am glad to see that some of those too-exuberant youths have been taken up and fined by the Magistrate. Walking along the Strand on a Sunday evening is not a very exhilarating pastime, but it does not want enlivening by bands of young roughs. The Magistrates seem to have made up their minds to show everyone concerned that the street is not made for "Hooligans" alone. More power to their elbows!

I never should have imagined that there was the slightest difficulty in eating twenty-five pigeons in twenty-five days, but those who know say that it is impossible, and so I suppose it is. However, the man who backed himself to eat fourteen pigeons in fourteen days got through the job all right, with another bird in for the benefit of the photographer. This seems to be one of those matters which can be settled only by actual experience, and perhaps there is something in the flesh of a pigeon which acts as a sort of poison if you take too much of it. Anyhow, if I am told that a thing is impossible, I like to be told at the same time why it is impossible.

The complaint is so often made that our streets are dull, and the houses all of a dingy smoke-colour, that an attempt to enliven them deserves to be recorded. I was going up East the other day, when I came across a house which was painted light pink picked out with green. It looked like a Neapolitan ice stuck up on end, and had a very cheerful appearance in the rain and the slush. For that part of London which is stucco-built, the paint-brush is the great beautifier, though, perhaps, a little more discretion in its use might be as well.

WINNINGTON INGRAM, BISHOP OF LONDON.

His Splendid Qualifications—Personality of the New Bishop—The Founding of Oxford House—Victory Over the East-End—As Preacher and Lecturer.

"AN ideal man for the post"—that is the sincere opinion of those who know their man with regard to the appointment of the Right Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, D.D., to the See of London. And what are the special qualifications that our new Bishop brings to his arduous and responsible task? They may all be summed up in one short phrase—the

LOVE OF HIS FELLOW MAN.

Already, by his noble and wonderfully successful work in the East-End of London, Winnington Ingram has shown that he is possessed of dogged pluck and unusual powers of organisation. But far greater than either of these invaluable gifts is his knowledge of human nature—a knowledge born of ready sympathy and twelve years' intimate association with the least artificial portion of London's millions.

A little word-picture will help those who have never seen the new Bishop of London to understand his phenomenal success. So far as one can judge of him from a slight personal acquaintance and from seeing him many times in the pulpit or on the platform, he is about five feet ten inches in height, spare in build, and

TRAINED DOWN TO THE LAST OUNCE.

He always strikes the observer as being in first-class fighting trim. His hair is black, and he parts it in the middle, brushing it well away from his forehead. Being clean-shaven, one can see that his mouth is kindly and his lips mobile. But the soul of the man looks out at you from his dark and expressive eyes, that are nowalight with humour, and again full of earnest appeal or affectionate sympathy.

It was in 1888 that this true friend of "The Man in the Street" began his uphill work with the founding of the Oxford House. Few of those who have visited the Castle of Red Brick in Bethnal Green are able to realise that this great institution had its origin in a humble garret, the whole community then consisting of two men, whose property and effects were contained in a small carpet-bag. But one of these two men was Winnington Ingram, and he soon began to make himself known to the teeming inhabitants of the slums that lay in every direction around his unpretentious quarters.

Then it was that his original methods of work and his lovable personality stood him in such good stead. For the East-End was taken, so to speak, off his guard. He knew the ordinary parson. He had met him in fair field with no favour, and beaten him off nearly every time. But now he was brought face to face with a man who talked to him in his own lingo, gave him back chaff for chaff, came more than half-way to meet him in his troubles. He had to deal with a parson indeed, but a parson who was a

COMRADE FIRST AND A PREACHER AFTERWARDS.

He was taken unawares; the old weapons of contemptuous abuse or surly indifference would not do with this keen, outspoken, determined student of human nature. And the end of it—or rather, the beginning

of it—was that the parson won. With such a man at its head, the Oxford House movement flourished apace, and money was soon forthcoming to build the great Palace of Red Brick referred to above. Here he received young University men who were willing to pay for their board and lodging and help him in the labour of love that he had so pluckily undertaken. And not only London, but England knows the result: how the right men came to his banner; how subscriptions were obtained from every part of the country; how Clubs were established for boys and men, girls and women, the advantages of which were so obvious that those for whose benefit they were started had no choice but to come in and be made sound in body and healthy in mind.

It is impossible, in a necessarily short article, to describe the far-reaching nature of the work that the Oxford House is doing. But it is always open to the reader to go down to Bethnal Green and see the Clubs and institutions for himself. Here he will be shown a large billiard-room, containing several excellent tables, the price of playing

being one penny per week. There he will be ushered into the Entertainment Hall, duly fitted up with every necessary theatrical appurtenance, where refined and enlivening shows are nightly in progress. A little further on, and he will come to the gymnasium, where the qualified instructor is busily engaged in developing cramped muscles and generally counteracting the evils of arrested development that arise from poor food and overcrowding. And, if he is wise, he will take care not to miss

THE "BLACKGUARDS' CLUB,"

for which the necessary qualification is a period of longer or shorter duration in one of His Majesty's prisons. In the "Blackguards' Club" a refining process is carried on, until, one by one, the members are allowed to pass out into the other Clubs.

One would imagine that, in controlling so vast an organisation as has been here imperfectly described, Winnington Ingram would have had little time to take upon himself any outside duties. Yet Sunday after Sunday found him

ON A STOOL IN VICTORIA PARK,

preaching, talking, telling anecdotes, and all with that evidence

of good-fellowship and earnestness that compelled the crowd to listen to him, believe in him, and, finally, to come to look upon him as a genuine friend who was ungrudgingly giving up the best years of his life to help and serve them. It was the Head's work, too, to visit Oxford, Cambridge, the great Public Schools, and many other places, where he lectured and collected money for the maintenance of the Clubs and institutions that he had set on foot. And, on these tours, he never spared himself by night or day, but was constantly visiting, delivering lectures, or preaching sermons.

One naturally writes of such things now in the past tense, for it is obviously impossible that, as Bishop of London, Winnington Ingram can keep up his earlier work. That

HE WILL BE SADLY MISSED

in the East-End goes without saying, but in his new position he will have the greatest possible scope for his energy, talents, and devotion. His career will be followed with the keenest interest by all Churchmen, and, in the case of those who have known him and worked with him in the past, with unbounded confidence, admiration, and love.



THE RIGHT REV. ARTHUR FOLEY WINNINGTON INGRAM, D.D., THE NEW BISHOP OF LONDON.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

A CHAT WITH THE HON. R. BOND, PREMIER OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

FOR the third time in his life the Hon. R. Bond is on a visit to this country in connection with the affairs of our oldest Colony, Newfoundland, of which he has been Premier for the last twelve months. His immediate object is understood to be closely related to the vexed question of the "French Shore," or, as it is called in the island itself, the "Treaty Shore."



THE HON. R. BOND, PREMIER OF
NEWFOUNDLAND.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Bond, when a representative of *The Sketch* called upon him the other day, did not wish to discuss the matter, as he said "there were at present obvious reasons against such a course."

THE QUESTION OF THE "FRENCH SHORE,"

so called, of Newfoundland is a very important one, and has been, and is likely to be, provocative of much trouble between France and Great Britain. So great an authority on Foreign Affairs as

SIR CHARLES DILKE

has said more than once that this Newfoundland business is the most serious outstanding matter of difference between ourselves and France, and that at any moment the situation might become acute and assume a very menacing complexion. In the island, the "Treaty Shore" has long been the subject of much painful feeling, and has overshadowed every other in its local politics. A brief statement of the facts in the case will be of interest.

Under various Treaties, the first of which was that of

UTRECHT, 1713,

and which remains to-day the basis of the French claim, French fishermen were permitted to use the shore in question for drying fish, as a shelter, &c. To-day, the "French Shore" extends for two thousand miles of the coast-line of the island, or not far from one-half of its whole coast-line. There are several fine harbours in this territory, but, out of the two thousand miles of coast-line to which the French lay claim, only

ABOUT TEN MILES ARE USED BY THE FRENCH.

Again, the French fishing industry has declined very materially during recent years. The original grant was made for the purpose of assisting those engaged in the cod-fisheries off the Banks of Newfoundland. To-day, cod-fishing has been superseded to a very large extent by lobster-fishing, and the Islanders contend that this particular industry was never intended to be covered by the Treaties, as, when they were agreed to, there was no such thing as lobster-fishing engaged in. In any case, statistics show that the "French Shore" (*Punch* might write a ballad on the subject to the measure of "The Baby on the Shore") has become of less and less value to the French; it now amounts to not more than £25,000 annually.

A MODUS VIVENDI

was established in 1890 jointly by France and Great Britain, and it has been renewed each year on the same basis. But the Islanders find it more and more intolerable each year, and are desperately anxious that the matter should be settled: amicably, if possible—but settled. No doubt, Mr. Bond is over here in the interests of his constituents, the Newfoundlanders; but, as negotiations are going on, it will be readily understood that he feels compelled at present to decline to say anything about it. But on other matters Mr. Bond spoke freely.

MR. BOND

did not speak very favourably or encouragingly of the prospect of Newfoundland entering the Dominion of Canada as one of its Provinces. The Islanders do not regard such a union as a vital question.

"There has been little talk about federating with Canada," said Mr. Bond, "since 1895. In that year there was a conference at Ottawa between representatives of Newfoundland and Canada, and the whole question was at that time gone into very fully. I was Chairman of the Newfoundland delegation. The rock on which the union split was in itself comparatively a small one—it was the assumption by Canada of a railway liability of five million dollars (£1,000,000), a liability which the Colony had assumed for building a line then just begun from Exploits to Port-au-Basque. Well,

CANADA DECLINED TO TAKE UP THE LIABILITY,

and the negotiations came to an end; and nothing has been attempted

since. The interests of the Dominion and of Newfoundland are not identical."

"Not more divergent, surely," it was suggested, "than those of, say, Quebec and British Columbia?"

"Well, perhaps not," said Mr. Bond.

Inquiry was then made as to the present position of the Colony.

"Considering everything," was the reply, "Newfoundland is fairly prosperous. It is rich in minerals—iron (we have the finest hematite in the world), silver and lead, gold, asbestos, and so on—while we have magnificent forests of timber. The value of our fisheries is well known."

"The little island of St. Pierre, which belongs to France, is rather a thorn in the side of Newfoundland, is it not?"

"Yes. St. Pierre is one of our greatest troubles—in this way: It is the centre of an enormous contraband trade, not only with the Colony, but also with the Dominion. Vast quantities of wine and spirits—the last-named are usually atrociously bad—find their way into the interior of Newfoundland. We are doing all we can to check this evil. You would hardly believe that, in 1885, the trade of St. Pierre, whose whole population is about five thousand, amounted to twenty millions of dollars. Most of that—indeed, nearly all of it—came from smuggling. Another point is that the Treaty which gave St. Pierre to France stipulated there was to be kept a force of only fifty men to police the place; now it is a fortified camp, and therefore a standing menace to us."

"What about the undertakings with Mr. Reid, of Montreal, by which Newfoundland gave him over her railways and other valuable assets?"

"The last Government—I was in Opposition at the time—concluded an agreement with Mr. Reid by which he became possessed of the right to operate our railways for a period of fifty years for the sum of

A MILLION DOLLARS.

But it is a long story. As far back as 1890, Newfoundland gave Mr. Reid a contract to build a line of railway, and there were other later contracts for more railway building. When they were completed, the Government of the day handed them over to Mr. Reid to operate in return for the sum specified. I protested against it, and even went so far as to memorialise the Imperial Government on the subject, asking that the assent of the Crown should be withheld from the measure. But

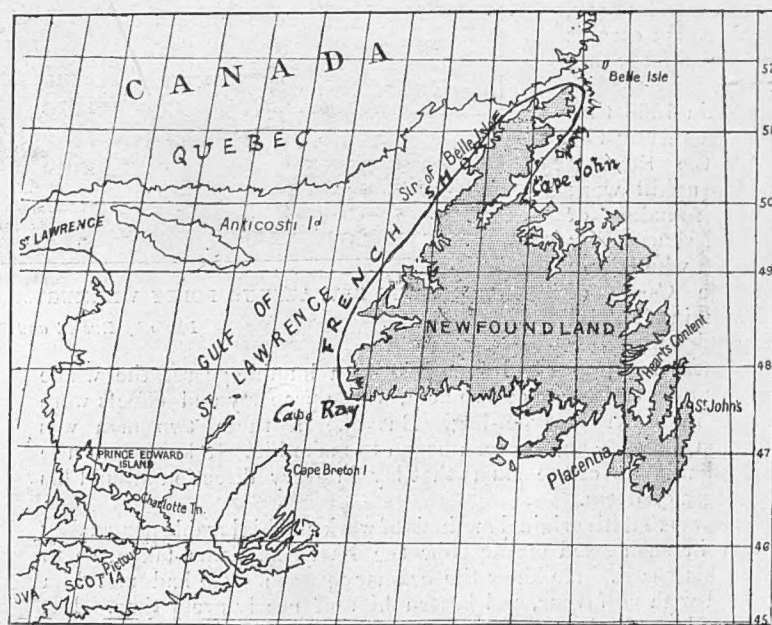
MR. CHAMBERLAIN DECLINED TO INTERFERE,

replying that the whole matter lay within the domain of the local government of the Colony, and therefore was not to be set aside. Well, in addition to the railways, the same Government—that of Sir James Winter—handed over to Mr. Reid our telegraph system for fifty years; and further, Mr. Reid controls the dry dock at St. John's, and the coastal steamers. What I propose to do is to bring in legislation by which the Colony will regain these valuable assets, and, at the same time, of course, we will compensate Mr. Reid fully. Thus, legislation with compensation, a proceeding to which there can be no objection,

WILL DISPOSE OF THE REID DIFFICULTY."

"Anything else?"

"A word more. It was said in some of your papers that Newfoundland was in a bankrupt condition when the deal with Mr. Reid was gone into, and that the million dollars received from him tided the Colony over



THE "FRENCH SHORE," SO CALLED, EXTENDING FROM CAPE RAY
TO CAPE JOHN.

the crisis. I wish to contradict that emphatically. The most complete contradiction lies in the fact that of the million very little of it indeed was used for implementing old obligations; most of it was spent for things which were new matters entirely."



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HOPETOUN, WHO WILL HAVE THE HONOUR OF ENTERTAINING THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK IN AUSTRALIA.

From Photographs by Langfieri Old Bond Street, W



THE ROYAL YACHT "OPHIR," WHICH IS TO CONVEY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK TO AUSTRALIA: PHOTOGRAPHED AT PORTSMOUTH.

PLAYGOERS' CLUB: FEATHER IN ITS CAP.

MR. B. W. FINDON, President of the Playgoers' Club, took the chair at the annual dinner of the Club at the Hôtel Cecil last Sunday evening, and elicited a handsome offer from the guest of the evening, Mr. George Alexander, who has from the outset of his managerial career fostered native dramatic talent, and made living English authors share in his well-deserved success at the St. James's Theatre.



Mr. Alexander promises to produce at a matinée the new piece which a special committee of the Playgoers' Club shall pronounce the best submitted to it; and the Manager of the St. James's further announced that Mr. Tree had kindly promised to appear in the same play.

SOME PARIS FLY-LEAVES.

POPULAR PRICES FOR THE RICH.

WHEN Antoine quarrelled with Ginisty at the Odéon (says my Paris Correspondent) and refused to march in pair-harness, he threatened that he would revolutionise the history of Paris theatres. And what the founder of the Théâtre-Libre threatens that he will do, he generally does. He took the old Menus-Plaisirs, which was a white elephant, and fitted it up in charming style. The managers watched him, and, to their horror, found that he had decided to fix the price of the orchestra-stalls at five francs instead of twelve francs. For the moment they were reconciled by the idea that he would go in for popular plays and appeal to the working-classes. Nothing of the kind; he appealed only to the most highly educated and those with a refined sense of humour. The result has been a dividend of close on forty per cent., and a spontaneous offer to pay authors two per cent. more than the twelve per cent. exacted by the Society of Dramatic Authors. The result of this is that within a few weeks half the theatres will come down to popular prices—and reasonable prices. But when will they abolish that awful excrescence, the Ouvreuse?

LAVEDAN'S DROWSY PLAY.

When Lavedan was elected to the Academy, he was bright and gay and his joyful writing was an institution. He was warned and urged not to enter the ranks of the Immortal Forty, and it was pointed out to him that to spend whole weeks in compiling a new dictionary was opposed to his temperament. But the brilliant young friend of Meilhac, whom he caricatured in "Le Vieux Marcheur," was tempted and fell. His "Les Medecins," at the Variétés, bore the brand of the Academy in every line, and failed, failed, failed! Granier and Brasseur were excellent.

PARADISE OF THE THIN.

In an absent-minded moment, and lacking anything else to suggest as a short-cut to perfect happiness, a well-known Parisian writer stated that the fashion at the present moment was for a woman to be as thin as possible. Since then the advertisement columns of all the journals are filled with guarantees to reduce weight in a few minutes. The craze for strolling skeletons has spread to the theatres and halls, and at the Folies-Bergères the other night I was confronted with a ballet once renowned for its opulent form, but now reduced to a representative display of ladies that looked for the bulk in a state of consumption.

THE LATE HARRY MONKHOUSE.

"I have seen your article in *The Sketch* re Harry Monkhouse memorial," writes Mr. T. P. Hunt, "and think it an excellent idea. But such a monument will give scant comfort to Mrs. Monkhouse and family in their present straitened circumstances. They are left almost penniless. . . . Can you not, therefore, do something in the way of getting up a benefit for the widow?" It appears that the son of Harry Monkhouse is playing in "The Merchant of Venice," at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, taking a small part, and, though receiving a small salary, he is doing his best to help his mother and sister.

The leaders of the theatrical profession are so liberal that it is only necessary to call attention to the distressful condition of poor Harry Monkhouse's widow to ensure the necessary relief.

SKATING AT "NIAGARA."

"Niagara" begins to bear witness to the fact that the season at Davos-Platz is waning, for the Westminster rink was very crowded last week, and several of the skaters had but just returned from that delightful Continental resort. There were many well-known skaters to be seen, among whom may be mentioned Lady Helen Vincent, Lady Falmouth, Lady White, Lord Clanricarde, and the Hon. Arthur Grosvenor. The second carnival, which was to have been held in February, was not postponed, but definitely abandoned; but on March 19 the Amateur Skating Club will give exhibitions of fancy skating, on which occasion "Niagara" will be specially decorated, and Signor Bocchi's orchestra has been engaged to play during the evening.

MISS EVA KELLY.

In the merry little lady pictured on the front of this week's *Sketch*, lovers of musical comedy will recognise Miss Eva Kelly, the clever American actress who made her first London appearance in "An American Beauty." Miss Kelly also figured daintily in "The Casino Girl." It is certain that another part will be found for her ere long.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — MR. TREE.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, Shakespeare's TWELFTH NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2. Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) 10 to 10.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Lessee and Manager.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, PERIL.
Doors open 7.45. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. Box Office open 10 to 10.

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By BARRY PAIN.
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London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Queen's Memorial.

His Majesty is an energetic King. He buckled to work directly he returned from his trip to Friedrichshof, notable not only for the brotherly consideration which led him to cheer the Empress Frederick as only the urbanest of Sovereigns could, but also for his kindly visits to the Consumption Hospital near Cronberg. King Edward, the very day after his return to Marlborough House, accompanied Lord Esher, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Akers-Douglas to Westminster and the Park, with a view to select the best site for the Memorial of the late Queen. The *Daily Telegraph* suggested a glorified Arc de Triomphe at the Buckingham Palace end of the Mall. One obviously suitable place for a handsome Monument of Queen Victoria would be by the side of the Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens, facing the Albert Hall.

Touches of Spring Brightness.

Last week saw a marvellous change, for on the 5th the first, deepest period of public mourning came to an end, and brilliant touches of purple, cream, and pure white, as well as exquisite shades of grey, made their appearance here, there, and everywhere, even those women who still clung to the deepest black lightening their costumes with bunches of violets, orchids, and even mimosa, for yellow has a curious mourning air when worn in connection with sable. As to what will happen after April 17, no one seems to know how far real colours will be worn this Season. In any case, all those connected with the Court or who are asked to meet any member of the Royal Family must continue for a year from last January to appear in really deep mourning. This fact cannot but have an effect on Society at large.

Uncertain Royal Plans.

In spite of the many authoritative announcements which appear from day to day in some of my contemporaries, the Royal plans both for the end of this month and for April are as yet very doubtful. It is almost certain that Her Majesty Queen Alexandra will, as has been her custom for some years past, spend King Christian's birthday—April 8—in Denmark, and King Edward may accompany her; but, on the other hand, it is quite possible that His Majesty will find it impracticable to again leave the country so soon. Although His Majesty is not accepting anything in the nature of social engagements at the present time, the Sovereign is naturally overwhelmed with work. He has still to receive innumerable Addresses from various public bodies.

Her Majesty's Household.

With the usual admirable good sense that distinguished Queen Alexandra during the years when she was known to the world as Princess of Wales, Her Majesty has arranged that her Household shall be smaller rather than larger than that of former Queens Consort. As to whom the Household will consist of, final arrangements have not yet been made; but it is formally announced that Her Majesty's private secretary will be Mr. Sidney Greville, one-time private secretary to Lord Salisbury, and brother not only of Lord Warwick, but also of Lady Eva Dugdale, the Duchess of Cornwall and York's first Lady-in-Waiting. Mr. Greville has been for some years Equerry to the King, and he possesses in a marked degree both the methodical habits and the tact absolutely essential in one filling the position to which he has just been appointed.

Both the Dowager Lady Lytton and Lady Suffield are to be Ladies-in-Waiting. The former was one of the most trusted younger friends and Ladies-in-Waiting of the late Sovereign, and Lady Suffield has been for many years a welcome visitor at Sandringham and Marlborough House. It is said that Princess Victoria will appoint, as her Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Eden, with whom Her Royal Highness has now been for many years on terms of intimate friendship. Nothing seems to be yet decided about Queen Alexandra's Maids-of-Honour, and the announcements concerning these important members of Her Majesty's Household are being awaited with some eagerness.

The King and the Turf.

It is not, I hear on excellent authority, the intention of the King to run any more horses on the Turf, but there is every reason to believe that His Majesty will still continue to keep up an equine breeding establishment. For some time to come, at all events, the present installation at Sandringham will be continued, but I understand that the paddocks and stabling at Hampton Court have been examined, and there could be no objection to reviving the former Royal Stud-Farm. Hampton Court is within easy reach of London, but the enclosures are none too large, and I fancy that the buildings are not in the very best condition. But, on the other hand, there is plenty of room in Bushey Park, and the part adjacent to the Stud-Farm is secluded and private.

Ascot, Goodwood, and Cowes.

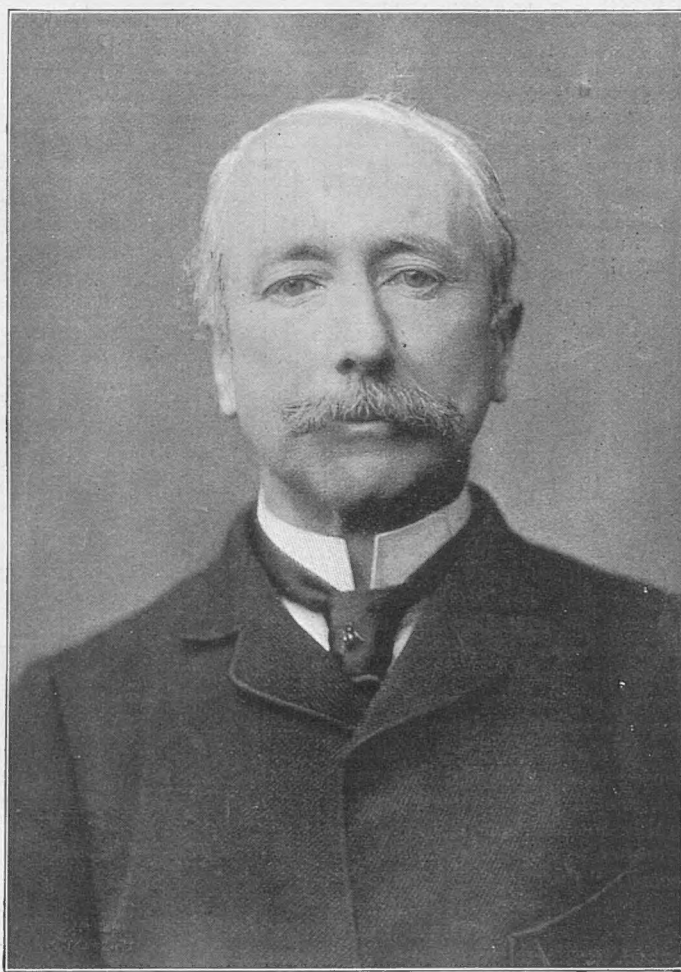
It goes without saying that there will be no State Procession at Ascot this year, and I hear that it is also contemplated to shut up the Royal Enclosure, which will be no great loss, except to the would-be fine folks who badger the unhappy Master of the Buckhounds for tickets of admission weeks before the races come off. Goodwood, too, will be shorn of its glory, for neither the King nor any member of the Royal Family will honour the Duke of Richmond by becoming a guest at Goodwood House. As to Cowes, it has been seriously debated whether the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta should not be abandoned. However, the great loss which such a step would entail upon the town of Cowes, and, indeed, on all the surrounding neighbourhood, has been vehemently urged, and, no doubt, with good effect. It is by no means certain, though, that the Queen's (or King's) Cup will be offered for competition.

A Dastardly Outrage at Bremen.

Much sympathy must be felt not only with the German Emperor himself, but with each member of his large and united family-circle, in consequence of the dastardly outrage perpetrated in Bremen on March 6. The Kaiser, who was hit in the face by a bit of iron hurled at him by an ill-conditioned fellow named Dietrich Weiland, preserved his sang-froid during the rest of his drive to Bremen railway station. The wound was dressed during the journey to Berlin, and, unhappily, proved so severe that the Emperor had to keep his bed for some days.

Lord Wolseley's Warning.

Not the least of the many public services rendered by Lord Wolseley was his exposure of the peculiar system of Army administration in vogue now. Taking as his text the military requirements of the Army, the late Commander-in-Chief addressed the Lords with a vigour and fearlessness which has seldom been equalled in that historic assembly. In the course of his remarks the speaker did not mince his words; he told plain truths, and he told them with a plainness that has proved anything but palatable to his opponents. His case, however, was by no means overstated, and, had he chosen to do so, there is no doubt that he could have made out a very much stronger indictment than he did against the extraordinary system on which the affairs of the British Army are conducted. How extraordinary this is may perhaps be most readily appreciated when it is explained that, while we appoint a soldier to be Commander-in-Chief, we make him subordinate to a civilian. We hold him responsible for the efficiency of the Army, yet we prevent him from exercising practically any independent authority whatever. The admirers of this egregious "system" flatter themselves that it is identical with the excellent one by which the Navy is governed. It is, however, nothing of the sort; it is a mere parody thereof. Lord Wolseley, more generous, contents himself with describing it merely as "experimental." As such it is foredoomed to failure, and the sooner this is recognised to be the case the better for all concerned. It has cost the Empire in blood and money and loss of prestige an amount that she can ill spare. If persisted in, it can but spell the terrible word "disaster." The authority with which Lord Wolseley speaks commands attention for his words.

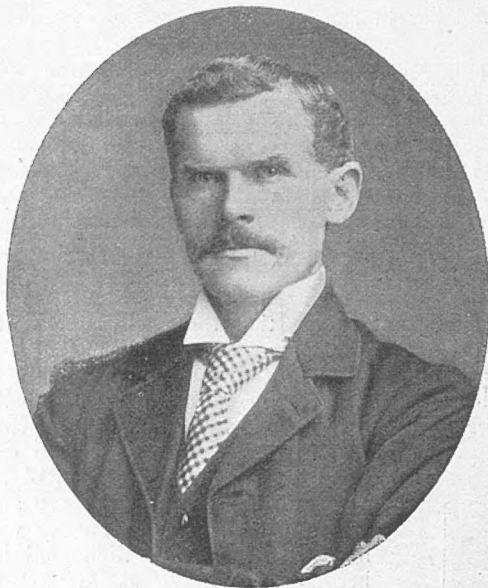


FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WOLSELEY, WHO URGES THAT THE FULL POWERS OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF SHOULD BE RESTORED.

Photo by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Lord Wolseley's Attack.

The attack of the ex-Commander-in-Chief on the system which he was obliged to carry out at the War Office was ably and dispassionately made, and it excited much sympathy in the House of Lords. According to Lord Wolseley, the control of the Army had been transferred from the military to the political head, and he complained particularly that various experts were consulted by the Secretary of State without communicating with the Commander-in-Chief. Evidently he had felt himself in a false position. He avoided, however, a personal grievance, and confined himself to an exposure of a system under which the demands of the Commander-in-Chief might be disregarded by the Government and concealed from the public.



MR. M. J. FLAVIN, M.P.,

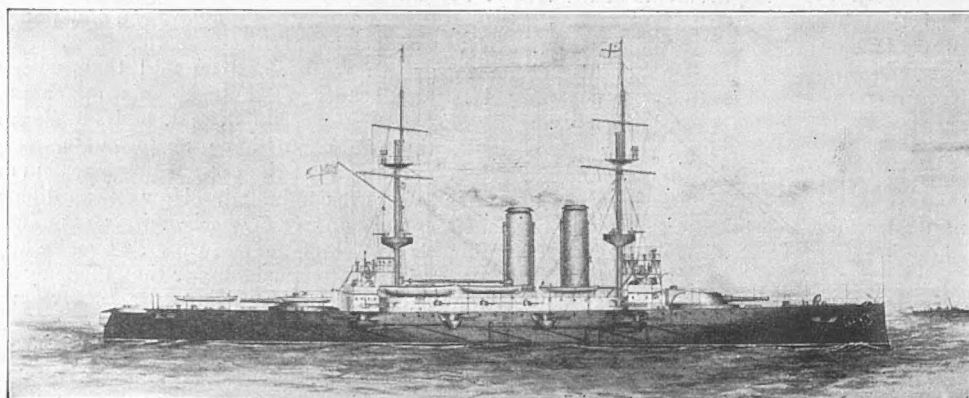
A PROMINENT FACTOR IN THE RECENT IRISH DISTURBANCE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Peeresses glittered while Lord Lansdowne, in sharp phrases, taunted Lord Wolseley with neglect of opportunities. His face was cold, stern, and relentless. The scene was painful and most unusual, and old officials shuddered when the Foreign Secretary reproached his former colleague for allowing Ladysmith to be selected as a military station and for underrating the Boers. Both the Duke of Devonshire, who is the head of the Defence Committee, and the Prime Minister joined in the repulse of Lord Wolseley, but he found friends in Lord Northbrook, in Lord Chelmsford (whom he superseded in the Zulu War), and in Lord Rosebery. More will be heard of the controversy.

Police in the House. Since Cromwell's soldiers tramped into the House of Commons, it has never received a ruder shock than when the police, with helmets, and some with splashed leggings, crossed the doorway at midnight last Tuesday week. The House is so sacred that its own attendants are not allowed to pass between the Chair and the Bar even with messages for members. Yet here were policemen wrenching members from the benches and carrying them out by force. Obstruction has been revived as the tactics of the Nationalists, and the wilder spirits became uncontrollable when a vote of seventeen millions "on account" was closed. They would not vote; they would not leave the House; they defied Chairman and Speaker; they shouted and screamed, scorning the House and mocking at its rules. "Let the honourable member be removed," calmly and firmly said the Speaker, with reference to the offenders, and, in the simple words of the official record, "they were removed accordingly."

Old members in the days of Gladstone and Northcote were shocked by the physical struggle of Mr. Bradlaugh with attendants, and the "G.O.M." was cut to the heart by the riot on the occasion of his last Home Rule effort. What would the veterans have said if they had seen the police forcibly ejecting ten members from the House?



H.M.S. "MONTAGU."

H.M.S. "Montagu," First Class Battleship, designed by Sir W. H. White, K.C.B., F.R.S., &c., was launched by Lady Charles T. D. M. Scott, at Devonport, on March 5, 1901. (Rear-Admiral T. S. Jackson, Admiral-Superintendent. H. R. Champness, Esq., R.C.N.C., Chief Constructor.) Her dimensions are: Length, 405 ft.; Breadth, 75 ft. 6 in.; Displacement, 14,000 tons; Draught, forward, 26 ft., aft, 27 ft.; Speed, 19 knots; Indicated Horse-power, 18,000. Photo by Bayley, Stonehouse, Plymouth.

Italy's Future King?

Italian, and more particularly Roman, Society is much looking forward to the birth of a future Prince of Naples, and, in anticipation of the happy event, King Victor has sent for the historic cradle in which have been lulled to sleep innumerable infant Princes and Princesses of the ancient House of Savoy. The cradle itself—perhaps the most beautiful of the many beautiful Royal cradles—is of tortoiseshell inlaid with precious stones. The birth of a son to King Victor and Queen Helen will render very different the position of the Duke and Duchess of Aosta. Hitherto, the former has been regarded as future King of Italy, and his fine little boy—who, among his many names, has actually that of Isabella, after his maternal grandmother—was always hailed by the good folk of Turin as their future Sovereign. The Duke and Duchess of Aosta are well known in London Society, the Duchess, as Princess Hélène of Orleans, having made her début at Marlborough House, while



THE DUKE OF AOSTA (HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO THE KING OF ITALY) AND HIS SON.

Photo by Schemboche, Turin.

her marriage to the young Italian Prince took place at Kingston-on-Thames. The birth of an heir to the King of Italy will also be a disappointment to the "Black" party, as it is well known that, in the event of the Duke and Duchess of Aosta's accession to the Throne, Rome would certainly be restored to the Pope, who would thus once more take his place among temporal Sovereigns, and so at length realise the devout aspiration of the whole Roman Church.

His Majesty's New Warships.

The new warships launched last week were so fully described in our last Number that it is unnecessary to re-tell the story of these powerful additions to the British Navy. The 5th of March will be memorable in naval annals for the launch of the *Montagu* at Devonport, of the *Albemarle* at Chatham, and the *Drake* at Pembroke Dockyard. The strong gale blowing in the Channel rendered it necessary to postpone the launching of the *Kent* at Portsmouth till the following day. Lady Hotham named this first-class Ironclad, which is to have a complement of no less than 678 officers and men. A Devonshire worthy, Sir William White, appropriately designed the big ship built at Devonport—the photograph given is from a drawing of the vessel as she will appear when completed—and Lady Charles Scott christened the *Montagu* with a bottle of South Australian wine.

*The King's
Successor as M. W.
Grand Master of
Freemasons.*

I feel sure I do but echo the sentiments of brother Masons when I congratulate the Craft most heartily upon the fact that General His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught has accepted the onerous position which his illustrious brother, King Edward VII., vacated as a matter of course on His Majesty's Accession to the Throne. Nominated Worshipful Grand Master when the King dropped that title for that of "Protector" of Freemasons—His Majesty thereby indicating that he retains his interest in the benevolent brotherhood he has served so nobly—the Duke of Connaught was formally elected to the exalted office at United Grand Lodge on Wednesday last. Earl Amherst, the worthy Pro-Grand Master, who is thoroughly imbued with the true spirit of Masonry, presided with accustomed ability. It was on the motion of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, K.C., seconded by the Rev. Sir Borradaile Savory, that His Royal Highness was elected. The large gathering of Masons who witnessed the graceful and earnest manner in which the Duke of Connaught comported himself last May at Bushey, and remember his beautifully clear and well-modulated voice (reminding one of the silvery timbre of a well-loved "voice that has gone") in the solemn ritual at the laying of the memorial-stone of the palatial new Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, have special reason to felicitate the Craft upon His Royal Highness's gracious consent to become the acknowledged chief of English Masons. Of his qualifications there is no doubt. District Grand Master of Bombay, and Provincial Grand Master of Sussex, he was given by the King the rank of Past Grand Master. Sharing with His Majesty to a large degree that native geniality and good-fellowship which is the exemplary characteristic of our Royal Family, the Duke of Connaught possesses every Masonic virtue. May he live long to fill with additional honour and distinction the seat King Edward so long adorned as Prince of Wales!

*The New Grand
Treasurer.*

It is a personal pleasure to chronicle the gratifying success of Bro. Horace Brooks Marshall, who was on the same date elected Grand Treasurer at Freemasons' Hall by 1558 votes, as against 1213 given for his excellent and powerful opponent, Captain John Barlow, who should in common fairness be chosen next year. Having the signal advantage of being strongly supported by W. Bro. the Earl of Halsbury, W.M. of the Devonian Lodge in London, Mr. Marshall won by the large majority of 345, it will be seen. One of the most charitable and kindest-hearted of men, Mr. Marshall has justified the confidence reposed in him by his fellow Masons by doing his utmost to relieve misery and to add to the happiness of those around him: there, the secret of Masonry is out! What a happy England this would be if the same spirit did but animate every Englishman!

*Miss Boote's
Bridegroom-Elect.*

Lord Headfort, whose engagement to the graceful and sweet-voiced Gaiety songstress, Miss Rosie Boote, seems to have made a quite unnecessary pother when it be remembered how many fair ex-members of "the profession" have adorned the Peeresses' Gallery, was born a very much "younger son." The late Lord Bective, his elder brother by their father's first marriage, was devoted to gardening and farming, and there can be no doubt that he did great things for the British agriculturists. His death, some eight years ago, was a real loss to the farming interest of

the country. Lord Bective's only child, now Lady Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, inherited all that portion of his property that he was free to bequeath, and this has naturally been a loss to the present Lord Headfort, who, however, if poor among Marquises, is yet very fairly well off, and the fortunate owner of two of the most lovely properties in Ireland. The new Lady Headfort will be one of three Catholic Marchionesses, the other two being Lady Bute and Lady Ripon, and she will be one of the youngest and best-looking of the Peeresses who may attend the Coronation.

*Gaiety Girls and
the Peerage.*

Miss Rosie Boote, the *fiancée* of the young Marquis of Headfort, and the piquante "Maisie" songstress in "The Messenger Boy," is not the only damsel who has quitted the Temple of "the Sacred Lamp of Burlesque" to adorn the ranks of the nobility. Miss Connie Gilchrist, whilom of

skipping-rope fame, is now Countess of Orkney and an ardent follower of the chase. Miss Kate Vaughan became the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley; Miss Kitty Harcourt the Hon. Mrs. Lowther; and Miss Eva Raines Mrs. George Fitzwilliam. It has been wrongly stated that Miss Belle Bilton, now Countess of Clancarty, once trod the boards of the Gaiety. Her Ladyship was never engaged at that playhouse, but she certainly appeared in the burlesque of "Herne the Hunted," at Toole's Theatre, with her sister, who afterwards became Mrs. Seymour.

All but— Of the many fair members of "the profession" who all but became Peeresses the list is long indeed—longer, probably, than even the greatest gossips know or guess. Many years have gone by since Miss Fortescue, still one of the prettiest and cleverest of latter-day actresses, brought a successful breach-of-promise suit against the late Lord Cairns, but the lady's pluck—for pluck it was—is still remembered with admiration. More lately, several such cases have been settled "out of Court."

*The New Royal
Yacht.*

Since I wrote last about that nautical failure, the new *Victoria and Albert*, I have learnt, on trustworthy authority, that, for all practical purposes, the case of the Royal Yacht is hopeless, and those best qualified to judge are of opinion that to spend more money on her would be exceedingly foolish. She will never be a trustworthy sea-going vessel, and it is not likely that experiments as to her capacity will be made with the lives of the members of the Royal Family, to say nothing of the officers and crew. The best thing that could be done with this costly ship would be to let her take the place of the *Osborne* as the King's house-boat in the Solent. There is some talk of buying the *Ophir*, and surely this would be better than spending more time and money in tinkering the unfortunate *Victoria and Albert*. I understand that the King is favourable to this plan.

*A Popular
Appointment.*

Captain Hedworth Lambton, of Ladysmith fame, is to be the new Commander of the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and it would have been hard for His Majesty to make a more popular appointment. Captain Lambton is a first-rate seaman, and, as he showed on a historical occasion, is particularly clever in times of emergency. This the officer in command of the Royal Yacht had need to be, for—as was the case on more than one occasion during the late reign—Royal Yachts are sometimes as much at the mercy of wind and weather as are less important craft.

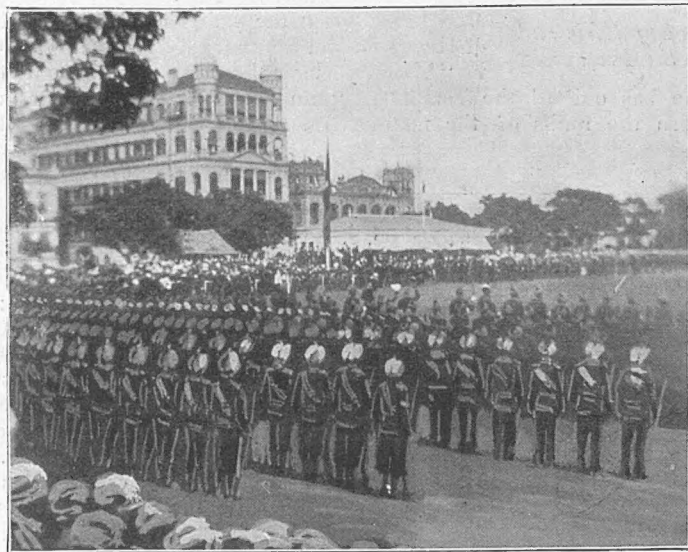


GENERAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G., KING EDWARD'S SUCCESSOR AS MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER OF ANCIENT FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS OF ENGLAND.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

Hong-Kong Snapshots.

Several Numbers of *The Sketch* might have been filled with the photographs sent from the most distant parts of the Empire representing the Proclamation of Edward VII. as King. But those published may be accepted as samples of the impressive ceremonies performed on the King's Accession throughout his loyal Realm. This week one addition



PROCLAIMING KING EDWARD VII. AT HONG-KONG.

may well be made, however, to the views. A small photograph is given of the Proclamation of His Majesty at Hong-Kong, where, it will be observed, there was an impressive military display. One of the other Hong-Kong photographs portrays MM. Mackenzie, Phillimore, Cockey, and Macmillan, four of the five naval officers presented with the "D.S.O.," and the last represents the presentation itself, which took place on the Tennis-ground of H.M.'s Dockyard, Hong-Kong.

The "Laurea." A correspondent recently favoured *The Sketch* with a snapshot of "The Last of the Famous *Laurea*," and it was remarked that the yacht was built by Messrs. Sibbick and Co. Messrs. Summers and Payne, Limited, write from Southampton: "This is not so, for we built *Laurea* to a design of our Mr. A. E. Payne, M.I.N.A."

A.D.C.'s to the Duke of Cornwall and York. Accompanying His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York during his tour to Australia will be H.S.H. Prince Alexander of Teck, the Duke of Roxburghe, and Viscount Crichton, each of whom has been selected to act as Aide-de-Camp. The first-named of these is a Captain in the 7th Hussars, while the other two hold commissions in the Royal Horse Guards. All three have won their spurs in South Africa during the earlier stages of the present campaign there. Prince Alexander, for instance, was Aide-de-Camp to Brigadier-General Mahon, the reliever of Mafeking, and Lord Crichton was attached to the Staff of Major-General Brocklehurst in a similar capacity. The Duke of Roxburghe also served with distinction as a member of the composite regiment of Household Cavalry which took the field at the commencement of last year. His Grace, indeed, was—if rumour may be believed—within an ace of winning the Victoria Cross. By the way, his regiment, the Royal Horse Guards, is the same as that in which the young Duke of Westminster holds a commission. His Majesty the King is Colonel-in-Chief of the famous "Blues."



NEW NAVAL "D.S.O.'S": MESSRS. MACKENZIE, PHILLIMORE, COCKEY, AND MACMILLAN.

From Photographs by G. Evans, Hong-Kong.

Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace.

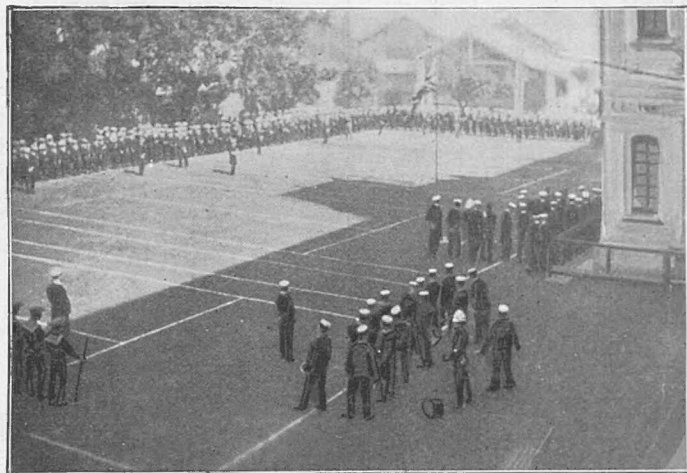
Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, K.C.I.E., who had the signal honour of being chosen to accompany their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall on their Australian tour before any other Press representatives were selected, will on several grounds be the *doyen* of the little group of journalists who have berths on the *Ophir*. Born in Dumbartonshire in 1841, and educated at the Universities of Edinburgh, Heidelberg, and Berlin, Sir Donald from the year 1863 till 1884 travelled and resided in France, Germany, Russia, and Turkey, representing the *Times* newspaper in various Continental capitals during a portion of that time. He was successively private secretary to Lord Dufferin and Lord Lansdowne as Viceroy of India, and in 1890-1 was attached to the *personnel* of the present Czar, who has continued on friendly terms with his one-time cicerone, during his tour through India. Sir Donald Wallace, who received honour from the Sovereign in 1887, retired last year from the post of Director of the Foreign Department of the *Times*, which he had held for nine years.

An Appeal from Welbeck Abbey.

The Duchess of Portland, ever energetic in well-doing, has written from Welbeck Abbey making a touching and urgent appeal on behalf of the Field Force Fund, which, started in Cape Town a little more than a year ago, has made not a little difference to the physical comfort of our brave and gallant soldiers at "the Front." Thanks to this fund, such necessities—and in South Africa they are really necessities—as chocolate, cholera-belts, soap, matches, and writing-materials, to say nothing of tobacco and handkerchiefs, have been regularly despatched to those men in sore need of them, and it is to be hoped that her Grace's eloquent appeal for donations, however small, for this fund may be responded to.

His Majesty's Band.

Although, of course, the fine bands of the Household Cavalry and the Foot Guards are frequently requisitioned to play before the King, and, when the Court is at Osborne, Mr. George Miller's Marine Band occasionally provides the music at Royal functions, His Majesty shares the pleasure



CONFERRING THE "D.S.O." ON NAVAL OFFICERS ON THE TENNIS-GROUND OF THE DOCKYARD, HONG-KONG.

of their delightful harmony largely with the general public, for at Earl's Court and various public functions the Guards' Bands are well-known and most attractive features, and the Marines provide music for trippers to Southsea. His Majesty's Private Band, however, as its name implies, is peculiarly the King's own, and the King's subjects have no part or lot in it. It has been said that the origin of the King's Private Band may be traced back to the musical performance given by David before Saul, and, at any rate, like David's, it is a string band. The "Master of the Musick," Sir Walter Parratt, has under his control some thirty-five instrumentalists, and when playing before Royalty the members of the band are attired in a sort of Court-dress, consisting of blue velvet coats and knee-breeches and white waistcoats. This, of course, does not apply to the one lady of the orchestra—the harpist.

The King's Regiments.

His Gracious Majesty has been pleased to confer upon five additional regiments the honour of bearing as Colonel-in-Chief the words "The King" at the head of the list of officers. These are the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars, of which His Majesty has been Colonel nearly forty years, and which has always been a favourite Royal regiment, and the four regiments of Foot Guards, the Grenadier, Coldstream, Scots, and Irish Guards. The Grenadiers and Scots are doubly honoured, inasmuch as the Dukes of Cambridge and Connaught were already connected with the respective regiments as their Honorary Colonels. The youngest Guards regiment has "Bobs" (more power to him!) as Colonel. The Coldstream Guards, which jealously prizes its motto, "Second to None," though ranking in the Army List after the Grenadiers, is in reality the oldest Guards' corps, and, curiously enough, takes its name from a little Scottish town where its headquarters were established when it was known as "Monk's Regiment," having been raised partially from Cromwell's famous "Ironsides."

The Somaliland Expedition and Poor Maitland.

The consuming interest that is being taken in the course of the War in South Africa just now is apt to prevent the public from paying the attention it otherwise would to the military expedition in Somaliland that has just been brought to a successful termination. The importance of the operations, however, is anything but slight, and their conduct involved some severe fighting. At Saannasa, for instance, our forces were attacked by the enemy in considerable strength on Feb. 19, and were not able to drive them off until they had first sustained a loss of seventeen killed. Among the fallen was Lieutenant-Colonel C. B. Maitland, of the Indian Medical Service, who was in medical charge of the Expeditionary Force. This officer had at the time of his lamented death completed twenty-one years' service, and had taken part in three campaigns. These were the Egyptian (1882), Burmese (1886), and Dongola (1896) ones, for each of which he was in possession of a medal. A smart and able officer, and a great favourite with all ranks with whom he came into contact, Colonel Maitland's death is a severe loss to the Service.

Homes for Authors and Artists.

Homes for distressed authors and artists are not numerous—the workhouse is the goal of too many writers—and so a thankful welcome will be given to a set of such Homes just opened at the picturesque village of Colinton, three miles west of Edinburgh. One of our well-known modern authors has described the valley of the Water of Leith, close to these Homes, for R. L. Stevenson was often, in boyhood, at Colinton Manse, on visits to his maternal grandfather, Dr. Balfour, and has delineated the place and its inmates in his "Memories and Portraits." Lord Cockburn was as happy as a country laird could be at Bonaly, a country residence which he had built on the slopes of the Pentlands, to the southwards. Mrs. Oliphant laid the scene of one of her ghost-stories, "The Open Door," at Colinton House (Colonel Trotter's), near by. Sir William Fraser came up, as a poor boy, to Edinburgh University from Stonehaven in 1837, studied law, held various posts in the General Register House, including that of Deputy-Keeper of Records. His life-work, however, was mainly in the editing from family documents of the histories of such noble families as the Montgomeries, Earls of Eglintoun, Maxwells of



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MAITLAND, KILLED, UNFORTUNATELY, IN THE SOMALI EXPEDITION.

Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

Tollok, Scotts of Buccleugh, Chiefs of Colquhoun, Wemyss of Wemyss, Earls of Haddington, Melvilles of Leven and Melville; the Sutherland Book, and Elphinstone Book, the last to which his name was attached. In this work, begun in 1858, he accumulated a considerable fortune, part of which was left to Edinburgh University, and a portion, some twenty-five thousand pounds, has been left to trustees for these Homes. The Homes are built and furnished in the old Scottish style, and there are already two inmates, a lady and an old schoolmaster.

Dr. Frederic Hymen Cowen was born in 1852 at Kingston, Jamaica, and at the early age of six he composed a pretty

waltz called the "Minna Waltz," which was published with considerable success. At eight years of age the precocious musician composed an operetta, the hero being Garibaldi. Dr. Cowen has written a number of important works, among them being "Pauline," the libretto based upon Lord Lytton's "Lady of Lyons." This was successfully produced by the Carl Rosa Company in 1876. He has also written an oratorio,

"The Deluge"; a pretty cantata, "The Rose Maiden"; "The Corsair," an admirable setting of Byron's poem; music to Schiller's "Maid of Orleans"; "The Scandinavian Symphony," a fine orchestral composition; a "Suite de Ballet" for the orchestra, and an extremely graceful and original work, "The Language of Flowers." It is hardly necessary to remind lovers of sweet song of such gems as "The Better Land," "It was a Dream," &c. Dr. Cowen's new concert overture, "The Butterfly's Ball," is a charming work, and its reception at Queen's Hall on March 2 was so cordial that the overture appears likely to be one of the composer's most popular works. Since Sir Arthur Sullivan, no English musician has been more successful in delicate treatment of the orchestra.

Mr. G. H. Turner's Resignation.

Mr. Turner, who is retiring from the position of General Manager of the Midland Railway, began office-work with Pickford and Co. at Bridgwater in 1849, when only fourteen years old. A few years later, he entered the service of the Midland Company at Bristol, and by his assiduity and capacity he rapidly gained promotion and experience successively at Birmingham, Nottingham, and Derby. In 1885, Mr. Turner was appointed Goods Manager of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway; but, after two years' residence in the "Second City," he returned to the Midland. In 1891 he was made Assistant General Manager, and for the past eight years has held the post he is now relinquishing, with profit to the Midland Company and honour to himself. Mr. G. H. Turner took a special interest in everything in railway travelling that tended to the comfort of passengers; and many readers of *The Sketch* will recall—if they do not treasure—the charming volume, "The Visitor's Souvenir to the World's Fair," the inception and execution of which were due to the General Manager of the Midland Company. The book, which contained descriptions and illustrations of the Midland route from London to the Mersey, was given to travellers between England and America.

Mr. John Mathieson, who succeeds Mr. G. H. Turner at Derby, has for the last seven years held the post of Chief Commissioner of the Victorian Railways, and during that time he has completed the reorganisation of the railways of the Colony. Like his predecessor, Mr. Mathieson, who is a native of Renfrewshire, began his railway career as office-boy, and was initiated in his life-work in a small station on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway. His faculty as an organiser and wide knowledge of railway matters led to his selection for the position he is about to vacate in Queensland for his new appointment.



DR. F. H. COWEN, COMPOSER OF "THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL."

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



MR. G. H. TURNER, RETIRING GENERAL MANAGER OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

*The Comptroller of
His Majesty's
Household.*

Viscount Valentia, on whom devolved the interesting duty of conveying King Edward's message to his "faithful Commons," occupies in the Royal Household the same position held by him during the late reign. The Comptroller of His Majesty's Household is a Peer of parts. Almost exactly the same age as the Sovereign, he began life

as a soldier, and when in South Africa last year the Member for Oxford proved that he had not forgotten all he learnt at Woolwich some forty years since, although he forsook the Army for politics in 1872. Lord Valentia is the only Irish Peer who represents a British Constituency in the Lower House. He is immensely popular in Oxfordshire, where his beautiful country home, Bletchington Park, is situated. He is a keen sportsman, and was for eight years of his life a successful "M.F.H."



VISCOUNT VALENTIA, COMPTROLLER OF THE
ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

novel work of fiction upon which she has been engaged for some time. By the way, her Ladyship, who assists her father so gracefully and unaffectedly in dispensing that hospitality for which the Mansion House is famous, has received from Mr. Alfred Ellis a handsome album full of photographs of the little people who were her guests at the Civic Fancy-Dress Ball—a beautiful gift.

Bennett's Counsel. Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., made the best of a poor case in defending Herbert Bennett so energetically, but the irresistible evidence produced by Mr. C. Gill, K.C., together with the irrefutable arguments of that remarkably clever speaker and of the Lord Chief Justice in his masterly summing-up, conclusively brought home the crime of his wife's murder to the young man sentenced to death. Ingenious was Mr. Hall's endeavour to prove an alibi. The chief surprise of the trial, indeed, was the appearance of Mr. Sholto Douglas to depose that he was in the company of Bennett at Eltham the very evening on which the murder was committed at Yarmouth. But there was the awkward fact to face that the prisoner himself had said nothing of this chance meeting, but had, on the contrary, sought on an earlier occasion to show he was at the time at Woolwich with two fellow-workmen, who totally denied the allegation. It was felt, nevertheless, that Mr. Marshall Hall did his duty manfully, and well sustained his repute at the Bar by his fearless advocacy at the Old Bailey.

*The German
Emperor.*

The German Emperor (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) is one of the most indefatigable men alive. Despite his unceasing activity in matters relating to foreign and home policy, he yet ever finds time for less important affairs, such as art and literature. The other day, he dropped in, quite casually, together with Her Majesty the Empress, at the studio of the sculptor Johannes Goetz, in Charlottenburg. Herr Goetz is hard at work on a statue for the Saalburg, representing Antoninus Pius, the model of which he has just completed. The Roman Emperor in question is there represented as standing ready to address his hearers, and is holding his right arm raised in declamation, while his left is grasping the sceptre. The Kaiser was greatly pleased with the work, and, before leaving, inspected various other statues in the course of construction in the same atelier. His Majesty is constantly paying surprise visits of this nature to artists, authors, and business-men alike, thus showing what a deep interest he takes in all that affects the progress of his country. On the 4th inst., the Emperor paid a visit to Wilhelmshaven, in order to be present at the swearing-in of the recruits. After this formality was over, having addressed the recruits in his usual striking and vigorous style, His Majesty inspected the Chinese guns that had been captured by his troops.

Princess Henry of Battenberg. As at present arranged, Princess Henry of Battenberg will, shortly after her return from visiting the Empress Eugénie at the Villa Cynos, Cap St. Martin, start again for the Continent, probably about the middle of May. Her Royal Highness is to visit the Empress Frederick, at Friedrichshof; the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the Duke of

Albany, at Gotha; her sister-in-law, Countess Erbach-Schönberg, at Schloss Schönberg, where there is such a wonderful collection of armour; and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse, at Darmstadt, where she will stay at the New Palace, which was Queen Victoria's wedding gift to her beloved daughter, Princess Alice, when she was married to Prince Louis of Hesse, the present Grand Duke's father. Darmstadt is not a very lively place, but there is a lovely country in the immediate neighbourhood. It was in these woods that Prince Louis used to drive Princess Alice in a tandem cart.

*The Duke of
Argyll.*

The Duke of Argyll, since he entered upon his heritage six months ago, has been one of the busiest of our public men. His time is spent mostly in London and at his fine residence at Roseneath, beautified both in its interior and external appearance by the art work of her own hand or by the suggestions of the Duchess. His public duties as Lord-Lieutenant of Argyllshire alone necessitate his frequent presence on the ancestral estate, where by his personal interest in all that pertains to the well-being of his dependents and tenantry, the Duke is becoming extremely popular. One of the Duke's first acts, when he arrived at Roseneath the other day, was to attend the funeral of one of the Gordon Highlanders who had died in the Convalescent Home established by the Princess Louise last year. Pressing engagements would have excused the Duke's absence; his self-sacrifice, nevertheless, in attending the obsequies of a private soldier will not be forgotten. Of late, the Duke of Argyll has been busy in London preparing for press the *Life of Queen Victoria* which Messrs. Harmsworth are issuing. This *Life* has engaged the attention and time of the Duke for years.

A Record March. Whatever shortcomings may have been revealed during the present War on the part of the War Office and the Regular Army, undoubtedly the eye-opener has been the sterling capacity for campaigning of the once-despised and dwindling remnant of the "Old Constitutional Force." Thus, the 6th Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers recently accomplished one of the finest marches during the War, from Orange River to Thaba'nehu—some three hundred and sixty miles—in fifteen days. Under Colonel F. C. Romer, this crack Militia battalion covered some twenty-five miles a-day in terrible weather, and, not only this, but they denuded the country of grain, captured fifteen hundred horses and oxen, twenty thousand sheep, and last, not least, thirty Boer prisoners. The Lancashire Fusiliers—now a four-battalion regiment—were transformed in 1881 by a stroke of the pen from "The East Devonshire" Regiment to a North Country Fusilier Corps; but, whatever title the "Minden Boys" now bear, they have good reason to be proud both of the Regular battalion which has covered itself with glory in South Africa and of their Militia representative at "the Front." The 1st Battalion has just arrived at Malta from Crete.



MR. MARSHALL HALL, K.C., M.P., WHO SO ABLY DEFENDED BENNETT,
THE YARMOUTH MURDERER.

Photo by Fellows Willson, New Bond Street, W.

The Boat-Race. Concerning the inter-University Boat-Race, which is to be rowed on March 30, it is noteworthy that on the first day that the Cambridge eight appeared at Cookham they rowed the full trial journey, from Marlow Point to Cookham Bridge—about three and a-quarter miles. To put them to such a test, Mr. J. B. Close must have entertained a very good opinion of the collective capabilities of the crew. The day, being gusty, was not favourable, and therefore the result of the trial must have been very gratifying. Not only was the distance covered in good time, but the form was almost satisfactory, and, except in one or two instances, stamina made itself manifest by the



AT WORK ON THE OXFORD BOAT IN SIMS'S BOATHOUSE, PUTNEY.

THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT IS SUSPENDED FROM THE ROOF.

comparative freshness of the men at the finish. G. M. Maitland is proving himself a remarkably good stroke. Under the watchful care of Mr. S. D. Muttelbury and others, the Light Blues have continued to do excellent work, and, before they left Colonel Ricardo's comfortable quarters for Putney, to-day (Wednesday), they showed much improvement. On Thursday, March 7, the Oxford crew reached Henley, where they became the guests of Sir. J. Edwards-Moss. Their first day on Henley waters was associated with the trial of a new boat, built according to the design of Dr. Warre, Headmaster of Eton. The crew showed capital form, and have been settling down ever since, so that it must be left for practice on tidal waters, which, it is expected, will be reached to-day, to speak positively as to the comparative merits of the boats.

Building the Varsity Boats.

In building the boats, the first step is to lay down the "side-lines," as they are called, on the bench the required distance apart. Uprights are then fixed which will temporarily support the keel, the ribs are attached to the side-lines and the keel, and the beams which will carry the sliding-seats are placed across and secured to the side-lines. The next process is to put on the "skin," a thin piece of wood which is bent



CAMBRIDGE PULLING UP AT THE GOLDIE BOATHOUSE, ON THE CAM.

to the requisite curve by wetting one side and warming the other over a gas-stove. The boat is then reversed and the ribs are fastened to the skin, probably about two thousand nails being used in the process. The "saxboard," to which the outriggers will be attached, is secured to the side-lines, and the ends of the boat covered with varnished canvas. The riggers, which are made of light welded steel tubes, are then fixed on to the side, and the sliding-seats, running on brass grooves, attached to the supports provided for them. With the addition of a small board, on which the man will rest his heel, and the stretchers fixed to suit each man's individual length of leg, the boat is complete, and, after the application of four or five coats of varnish, is ready to be despatched to its destination.

The French "New Woman." It is the precocious Jacques Richepin, son of the poet Jacques Richepin, just twenty years old (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*), who has inaugurated for Paris the century in art and in romance, who has "marked the step," as they say. This youth has written a piece in verse, called "La Cavalière," and mounted it himself at Sarah Bernhardt's theatre, where it has had a long run. The claim of the piece to notice, aside from its literary merit, is in the character of the heroine. She is worth remarking, for she is the French version of the "New Woman." A rich young girl, raised like a boy, wearing a man's



THE OXFORD BOAT IN SIMS'S BOATHOUSE, PUTNEY.

THE BOAT IN THE DISTANCE ON THE LEFT IS THE FIRST TREBLE SCULLER MADE FOR MR. GOLLAND AND TWO OTHER AUSTRALIANS.

dress, rides, duels, wishes to be a soldier, like Don Quixote, to redress wrongs, seeks quarrels in alehouses, saves with her sword the life of her lover, and heroically dies in his place. Relegated from now on to the past is the sentimental woman who weeps helplessly at home; even the courtesan has palled: the "New Woman" has captured the French lyric stage. She has captured also the heart of the French poet, for they say that the young woman who has played this part, and for whom it is a natural rôle, Cora Laparcerie, is to be married to M. Jacques Richepin.

Three Sous' Worth of Bread.

The Paris public is much worked up over the case of a respectable young sewing-girl who, out of work and hungry, attempted to steal three little bread-rolls of the value of a sou apiece, which, passing along the street, she saw lying on the sill of an open window. Taken in the act, she was fined sixteen francs, without imprisonment, but before her case was brought into Court she had already been detained in prison twenty-five days. The law permits this in France and there is no redress. The statistics show that every year ten thousand persons, reputed innocent by law, suffer without compensation the pain of preliminary prison. The French public begins to clamour for the "rights of the individual as



MAKING THE OARS AT AYLING'S, PUTNEY.

they are understood and have prevailed in England for more than three centuries," and it is asserted that M. Henri Coulon has decided to create a "League for the Defence of Innocent Victims of Justice."

A Colossal Crucifix.

The new Church of the Sacré Cœur, which crowns Paris, on the heights of Montmartre, will have a campanile when finished, and on the top of the campanile they intend to mount, it is said, a crucifix bearing a naturalistically painted Christ over a hundred feet high. If this plan is executed, this symbol of Roman Catholic faith will tower over Paris. The Government is likely to interfere

THE SOCIAL JESTER



LONDON—BY SUNLIGHT.

JUST at first, it gave me quite a start. I suppose I was hardly awake, but, anyhow, the unusual glare of light on the blind led me to suppose that the house opposite was on fire. Congratulating myself, therefore, that I was not living in the house opposite, I hobbled across to the window and peeped out.

You would hardly believe it, my dear young lady, but the wicked old fellow, peeping over the top of a cloud, actually had the audacity to wink at me. I rubbed my eyes, but there was no mistake about the matter. He did it again. I felt it was time to expostulate.

"It's all very well, you know," said I, pushing the sash further down and leaning my pyjama'd arms upon it, "but, as a matter of fact, I can scarcely claim to have the privilege of your acquaintance."

The smirk on old Sol's face expanded into a grin, and he glanced at his reflection in the river to make sure that he was looking his resplendent best. Then he edged himself a little further up the background of blue and challenged me to stare him out.

"You're an old rascal!" I chuckled. "How dare you turn up wearing a genial smirk, when you know quite well that you've hardly looked down on us once in the last six months?"

His Majesty declined to argue the matter with me, however, and I did not venture to upbraid the testy old villain further. I tumbled into my tub, therefore, with a gay splash, towelled myself to the lilt of a lovelorn melody, ran through a comic opera while I was dressing, breakfasted at the open window, took three flights of stairs at a flight a time, and found myself in the street without either a mackintosh or an umbrella.

The first person I met was the one-legged crossing-sweeper who has his pitch in front of the Terrace Theatre.

"Morning," I shouted. "'Lovely morning!"

It was thoughtless of me, of course, but sly old Sol had winked some more. When I looked down, however, and saw the crossing-sweeper scratching his head in an undecided manner, I came to my senses and hastily threw him a penny.

This act of generosity caused me to feel so kindly disposed towards my fellow-men in general that I determined to approach the scene of my daily labours by way of the Strand, instead of, as is my usual custom, ruffling it along the Embankment in company with the constant stream of broughams conveying merchant-princes Citywards.

Thanks to his sunny Majesty, I was more than delighted with my change of route, for the Strand was all agog with

fresh flowers, beaming faces, and Cockney jocularity. "Great is the power of King Sol," I reflected, when I heard a Covent Garden carman apologise to a 'bus-driver from whose elaborately decorated curricule he had chanced to remove a square inch of paint.

At the end of Bedford Street—but just far enough up to avoid the unpleasantness of a collision with the police—a sandwich-man was stationed whose board announced to the world that a certain popular actor had recovered from his indisposition, and would positively make his re-appearance at the theatre that night. The bearer of these joyful tidings was a nobbly little man with hollow cheeks and watery eyes. On ordinary occasions, his attitude clearly shows that he regards his boards as a necessary but somewhat cumbrous evil with which he would choose to be identified as little as possible. Certainly he seems—in point of size—entirely out of proportion to them. But this morning that lack of interest in the placards he bore had disappeared. His eyes sparkled, his chest swelled, his muscles tightened. When, previously, he would have remained in a listless attitude, he now posed his excuse for existence at inviting angles, rocked it insidiously to and fro, turned it to catch the gleam of the glowing sun. Mind you, I don't suppose for a moment that he knew what was on the board. Actors or patent pens, Covent Garden Balls or palmistry establishments, it is all one to a sandwich-man. But the breath of spring that had come to him had quickened his pulse and warmed his blood, and the consequence was that the people who employed him because it is cheaper to stick bills on a live man than on a dead wall got extra value for their money.

But one must not run away with the idea that everybody who happened to be in the Strand that morning was filled with joy at the sight of the sun. For, every now and then, I met a shabbily smart individual whose fortune, I fear, would be far more in keeping with the murkiness of November than the brilliance of May. Many a seamy coat that had passed for a sound article during the dulness of the winter months was shown up by King Sol the Inexorable. Many a well-worn skirt that, thanks to ingenuity and patience, had managed to pass through the Strand unnoticed whilst the roadway and pavements were of an even mud-colour now found itself compelled to whisk its

shrinking way along the Embankment or make a detour through the labyrinthine mazes of Covent Garden. Some people, of course, glory in their shabbiness, and take a delight in telling you for what a disgraceful length of time they have worn their clothes, and how much longer, exactly, they mean to go on wearing them. But, when you come to analyse this form of disregard for the conventions, you will probably find that it has its origin in mere slovenliness. For it is not the pauper, as a rule, who indulges in the arrogance of shabbiness, but the man or woman who simply won't take the trouble to make himself or herself look decent. I know people—they deserve to succeed in life—who manage to dress really well on £12 a-year. At the top of Arundel Street, to take another instance of mitigated joy, I came across my old friend Robert. He looked a trifle stouter than usual, and I did not envy him, on this delightfully balmy morning, his long blue coat or thick woollen gloves.

"Good-morning, Robert," said I, genially.

"Morning," growled he, with his eye on a crawling cabby.

"You'll soon be wanting your thin coat," said I, waving my hand in the direction of King Sol.

"It generally gets warmer in the summer," said Robert, scowling at a small boy who had slipped down and knocked his elbow against Messrs. Smith and Sons' imposing establishment.

"Come, come! A little less of it!" said I, as I dug His Dignity in the ribs.

"I think you'd better move on," said Robert. "It's going to rain."

"Nonsense!" said I.

But the irreverent word was hardly out of my mouth before the clouds came up, King Sol disappeared, and a shower of hailstones rattled down on Robert's helmet. London was itself again.

THE CROSSING-SWEEPER WAS UNDECIDED



I DUG HIS DIGNITY IN THE RIBS



THE OLD FELLOW WINKED AT ME

Chicot

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

AN ANECDOTAL MEMOIR.

ALTHOUGH the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York are both in the heyday of youth, their Royal Highnesses have each had a far more interesting and eventful life than that of most of their Royal contemporaries in other countries.

THE BIRTH AND TITLES OF OUR FUTURE KING.

Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert, Duke of Cornwall and York, Duke of Rothesay, Great Steward of Scotland, Lord of the Isles, Earl of Carrick, Earl of Inverness, Baron of Renfrew and Baron Killarney, was born at Marlborough House on the 3rd of June, 1865. His Royal Highness was the second child and second son of the then Prince and Princess of Wales, and his birth, occurring, as it did, within sound of Bow Bells, caused much public rejoicing in London. An exciting incident occurred within a month of the baby Prince's birth. A fire broke out on the nursery-floor of Marlborough House, and the two Royal children had to be hastily removed to another part of the mansion, while their father personally superintended the putting out of what might have proved so dangerous a conflagration.

EARLY CHILDHOOD OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

Prince George of Wales, as he then was, was the most robust of the Prince and Princess of Wales's children. He was full of life and fun, and was once described by one who knew him well in those early days as "a regular little pickle"! His Royal Highness was a special favourite of his two grandmothers, and some of his happiest moments were spent at Osborne with Queen Victoria and at Bernstorff with Queen Louise of Denmark.

PRINCE GEORGE AND THE CESAREWITCH.

It was in Denmark that the Duke of York laid the foundation of his intimate friendship with the present Emperor of Russia. Prince George and the then Csesarewitch were first-cousins, and all the world is aware of their striking physical resemblance to one another.

"OUR SAILOR PRINCE."

According to the traditions which still linger on the Sandringham estate, the future Duke of Cornwall and York even as quite a little boy made up his mind to be a sailor. Perhaps this early enthusiasm for the Navy was due to the fact that the then Rector of Sandringham, the Rev. Lake Onslow, had been in his youth a naval chaplain. He had remained ardently devoted to the sea, and was fond of telling Prince Eddie and Prince George wonderful tales of those that go down to the sea in ships. Prince George was fated to have his early wish fulfilled, for he and his brother joined the *Britannia* at Portsmouth on July 5, 1877—that is, just two days after he celebrated his twelfth birthday. Two years later he began what at one time promised to be a long and brilliant career on the *Bacchante*, then commanded by

Lord Charles Scott. His Royal Highness was not given the rank of Captain till he had accomplished more actual service than had ever before been required of a member of the Royal Family for the attainment of this degree of promotion.

THE DUKE'S FIRST COLONIAL TOUR.

At the present moment it is interesting to recall the Duke of Cornwall and York's first sight of the great British Colonies. The *Bacchante*, with both Prince Albert Victor and Prince George on board, anchored at Barbadoes on the Christmas Day of 1879, and the two Princes made quite a tour of the West Indian Islands.

THE DUKE AND THE COLONIES.

When the Duke of York became, by reason of the lamented death of his elder brother, Heir-Presumptive to the Crown, it was observed of him by one well-known statesman that his public appearances had, up till that time, been almost entirely restricted to the Colonies. Accordingly, His Royal Highness is already pleasantly familiar with many of the places included in the forthcoming tour, and innumerable Colonials who once hailed him as Great Britain's "Sailor Prince" will now acclaim him as their future Sovereign.

THE DUKE IN JAPAN.

It is now almost forgotten that the Duke of Cornwall and York during his own and his elder brother's tour round the world visited Japan. After leaving Yokohama, their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by their tutor, the Rev. Mr. Dalton, and by Prince Fushynis, went up country to Kioto Nara and Osaka, and Prince George, as he then was, was exceedingly delighted with much that he saw in the Country of Flowers, and it was then that he laid the foundations of his really fine collection of Eastern curios.

The Rev. J. N. Dalton, who, it is interesting to note, is an important member of the Royal suite for the Colonial tour, first was appointed tutor to the two sons of the then Prince of Wales in 1871, Prince George being at the time only six years old. He was made Governor to the Royal brothers six years later, and retained this responsible post as late as 1883, and to this excellent clergyman, now a Canon of Windsor, our future King owed his good all-round education. It was Canon Dalton who chose Prince George's various tutors and teachers—M. Mariette and M. Hua, his brilliant French masters, Professor Drew and Mr. Lawless, who taught the Royal sailor mathematics, M. de la Motte, who inspired him with a real love of draughtsmanship. Small wonder, therefore, that the Duke of Cornwall and York delights to honour his old friend and mentor.

THE ROYAL SAILOR'S HOLIDAYS.

Like most sailors, Prince George was never happier than when at home "on leave." And many are the stories still told at Sandringham



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

Photo by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

concerning His Royal Highness's high-spirited youth. In those days his one wish seemed to be to prove that, in his case at least, the old adage concerning sailors on horseback was false, for he was an absolutely fearless rider.

PRINCE GEORGE ON THE
"BACCHANTE."

While serving on the *Bacchante*, the Royal Midshipman was treated—according to his parents' strict injunctions—exactly as were the other more youthful officers. He always took his meals in the gun-room, and he never dreamt of missing a "watch," however rough or inclement the weather. The *Bacchante* was no modern man-of-war, but a cruiser of the old *Inconstant* type, built of iron and cased in wood, and she was also wholly innocent of armour-plates. What a contrast to H.M.S. *Ophir*, replete with every modern improvement and luxury! Prince George's cabin on the occasion of his first tour among the British Colonies contained only one "cot," one sea-chest, and the toilet-table in use in all the then naval officers' quarters. In 1883 His Royal Highness was the Senior Midshipman in the Service, and he was still a light-hearted "Middy" when he served with the *Canada* on the North American Station.

AN AMUSING STORY.

Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford was at one time fond of telling a story of an incident which occurred when the Duke was serving as one of his Lieutenants. The ship happened to be coaling in Turkish waters, and in due course a



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK AS A BOY.

Photo by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

representative of the Sultan came with his master's greetings to the grandson of the Queen of England. "I do not want to see *you*," said the Pasha to the Admiral; "I have come to see the Prince who is in command." "I am in command," replied Sir Frederick, smiling. "The Prince is one of the Lieutenants. But here he comes." And at that moment, Prince George, who had had charge of the coaling-party, approached, as black and grimy as if he had been actually shovelling the coals himself. The surprise of the Turkish official may be imagined, and it is said that to this day he is not quite sure whether a practical joke was not played on him.

A CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENT.

Apropos of His Royal Highness's naval career, the following incident is interesting as throwing light on the Royal sailor's character. While in command of the Torpedo-boat 79, the Prince received a message from his father stating that the then Princess of Wales was anxious that he should accompany her to Goodwood, and that she was about to write to the Admiral begging that her son might be given two days' leave. "But what will become of my torpedo-boat while I am away?" asked Prince George with some heat; and, in answer to the Admiral, who observed amiably that, in order to please the Princess, some arrangement would be come to by which the torpedo-boat would be left in good hands, the Prince exclaimed, "Oh, no, no! That won't do at all! I will make it all right with my mother; but you know my



Prince Eddie.

Prince George.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK WHEN A "MIDDY" WITH HIS LATE BROTHER ON BOARD H.M.S. "BACCHANTE."



Prince George.

Prince Eddie.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK SPLICING ROPES WHEN A "MIDDY" WITH HIS LATE BROTHER ON BOARD H.M.S. "BACCHANTE."

From Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

orders are to take my torpedo-boat right on to Spithead, and go I must." And go he did.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

At the end of 1891 and the beginning of 1892, the Angel of Death was very present, and the Heir-Apparent and his beloved Princess, to use John Bright's famous metaphor, could almost hear the beating of his

THE DUKE OF YORK AND PRINCESS MAY.

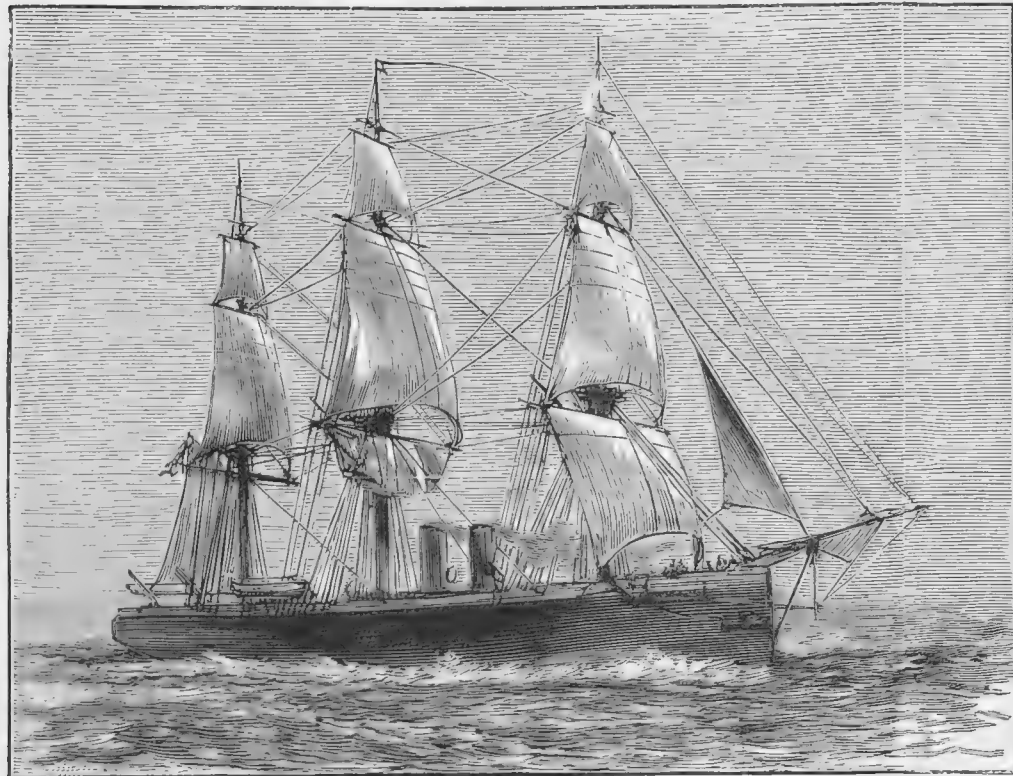
Rather more than a year after the death of the Duke of Clarence, the nation was greatly gratified by the official announcement of the Duke of York's betrothal to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck.

The more superstitious among the Duke and Duchess of Teck's friends might have well considered the fact that their eldest child was born at Kensington Palace a happy omen, the more so that Princess Victoria Mary of Teck was the first Royal baby born in the old Palace since the eventful day when the Duchess of Kent gave birth there to the Royal infant who was destined to occupy the British Throne. Following the usual Royal habit, the parents of the future Duchess of York dowered her with an imposing list of names: Victoria Mary Augusta Louise Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes, and the late Sovereign, who was warmly attached to her cousin, Princess Mary of Teck, acted as chief godmother to her future granddaughter. It is easy to realise with what interest Her late Majesty must have followed the childhood and early girlhood of the young Princess who was living in the very Palace where the Queen had herself spent her youth.

Her Royal Highness was sixteen when her parents were offered White Lodge as a residence, and it was in this most beautiful of suburban Royal dwellings that the Princess grew up to womanhood, becoming in due course her mother's dearest companion and the kindest of friends and playmates to her three brothers, one of whom, the youngest, Prince Alexander, is a prominent member of the Duke of Cornwall and York's travelling suite.

MAY 3, 1893.

The Duke of York proposed to his young cousin at Sheen Lodge, the Duchess of Fife's charming Richmond home, on May 3, 1893, and within a few days the interesting news had been communicated to all those whom it closely concerned, together with the further information, truly characteristic of the bride-elect, that the Royal trousseau should be entirely of British workmanship. Indeed, Princess May is said to have observed, "All the silk shall come from England, all the flannel from Wales, all the tweeds from Scotland, and every yard of lace and poplin from Ireland." Like her mother, the Duchess has always been an ardent promoter of home industries.



H.M.S. "BACCHANTE," ON BOARD WHICH THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK MADE HIS FIRST VOYAGE (WITH THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE) TO AUSTRALIA.

wings. In December, Prince George fell ill with enteric fever, and for some time lay in terrible danger, though the nation did not realise how serious the attack was till convalescence had set in. Scarcely had all fear for Prince George disappeared when his elder brother, the gifted and amiable Duke of Clarence and Avondale, became seriously ill of the after-effects of influenza, and, after a few days of acute suspense, the terrible news of his death overwhelmed the Empire and the family of the Sovereign in one of those common sorrows which make the whole world kin. Henceforth, Prince George found a very different set of interests and duties awaiting his attention, and, in the midst of his own great loss and grief—for he had been most warmly devoted to his only brother—he set himself to the difficult task of living up to his new great position.

THE DUKEDOM OF YORK.

The elevation of Prince George of Wales to the Peerage, as Duke of York, took place some months after the sad event which had plunged the British Empire into universal mourning. Probably few people are aware that not only the grandsons but also all the younger sons of the reigning British Sovereign are commoners until formally created Peers. The Heir-Apparent alone, in virtue of his being Duke of Cornwall, is *ipso facto* a member of the Upper House. Since the days of Edward IV., the second son of the Sovereign has in due course become Duke of York, but this custom or rule was broken by Queen Victoria, who made her secondson Duke of Edinburgh. Several English Kings bore at one time of their lives the title by which His Royal Highness was known for nine years of his life, namely, Henry VIII. (the sixth Duke of York), Charles I. (the seventh Duke), and James II. (the eighth). The Duke of Cornwall and York is the tenth bearer of this fine old English title.

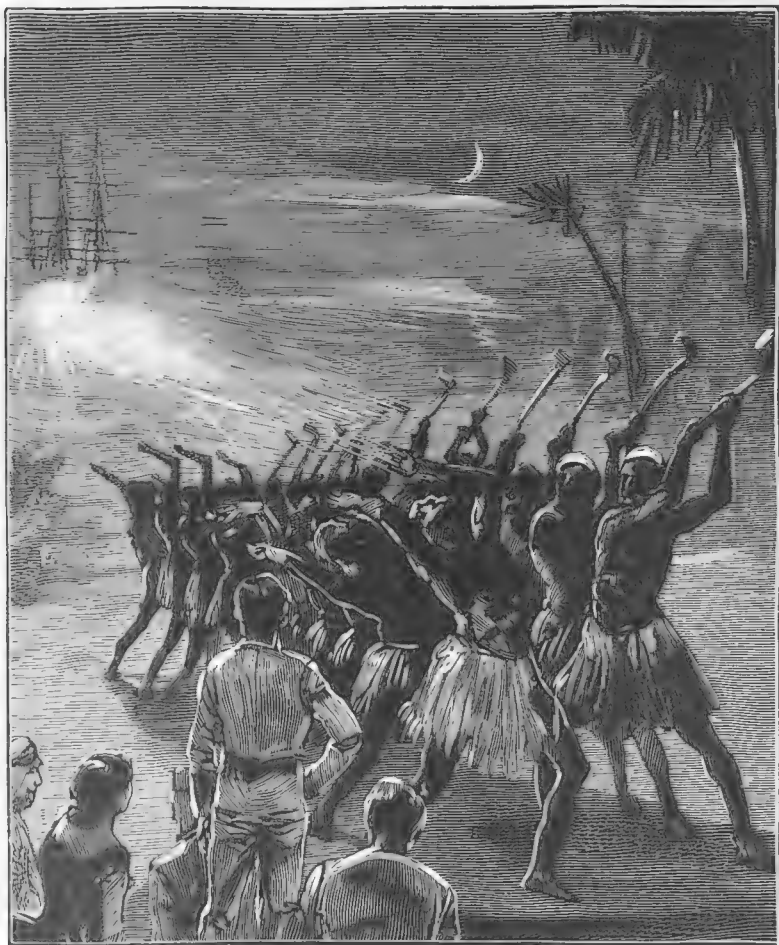
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PRINCE GEORGE (WITH HIS LATE BROTHER) VIEWING THE PROCESSION OF THE PERA-HARA AT KANDY.

THE CLASH OF WEDDING-BELLS.

Most of us remember the public rejoicings which took place on July 6, 1893. Although the wedding-day of the then Duke of York and Princess May of Teck was not declared a public holiday, the auspicious day was so generally kept throughout the kingdom, and much satisfaction was expressed when it became known that the Royal marriage



PRINCE GEORGE (WITH PRINCE EDDIE) WITNESSING A WAR-DANCE AT FIJI.

was to be celebrated in London, in the modest chapel attached to St. James's Palace, where so many notable functions, including Queen Victoria and Prince Albert's wedding, had taken place. Although only seven years have come and gone, many of those present at the ceremony have gone over to the majority, and there is something pathetic in the thought that the two illustrious ladies no longer among us—Queen Victoria and the Duchess of Teck—aroused, after the bride and bridegroom, the most enthusiasm and the most interest among the great crowds who stood patiently for hours waiting to catch a glimpse of the wedding cortège.

THE ROYAL HONEYMOON.

The Royal honeymoon was spent at Sandringham Cottage, the Duke and Duchess of York's future home. It was said at the time that their Royal Highnesses passed some of their leisure in pasting into large albums the innumerable accounts—many of them, it is to be feared, more or less apocryphal—published of the wedding ceremonies and the biographical notices written concerning their tastes, dispositions, and so on, during the days which had immediately preceded their marriage.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES' LONDON HOME.

York House, where the Duke and Duchess of York were fated to spend the first seven years of their married life, is a portion of St. James's Palace, and it was for thirty-eight years the London house of the late Duchess of Cambridge, having been inhabited during fifty-six years previously by Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, afterwards King of Hanover. Though many of the apartments are large and stately, York House could not be considered a comfortable or very agreeable residence for a Prince occupying so important a position as does the Duke of Cornwall and York, and much satisfaction has been felt at the news that their Royal Highnesses will, after their return from their tour of the British Colonies, take up their residence in Marlborough House.

SOME ROYAL TREASURES.

Although York Cottage, Sandringham, is their Royal Highnesses' favourite home, many of their most cherished household gods have been, up to the present time, kept in their London residence. It would take long to enumerate even a tithe of these, but specially may be mentioned two very curious possessions of their Royal Highnesses. The one is an old Bible, written entirely in the Irish language, a gift to the Duke of Cornwall and York "from an Irish subject to Ireland's future King." And, of the many splendid wedding-presents given to Her Royal Highness at the time of her marriage, there are few that she values

more sincerely than a quaint ivory case containing a hand-mirror and two gold scent-bottles set with pearls and turquoises—her favourite gems—while written just inside the lid are the lines:

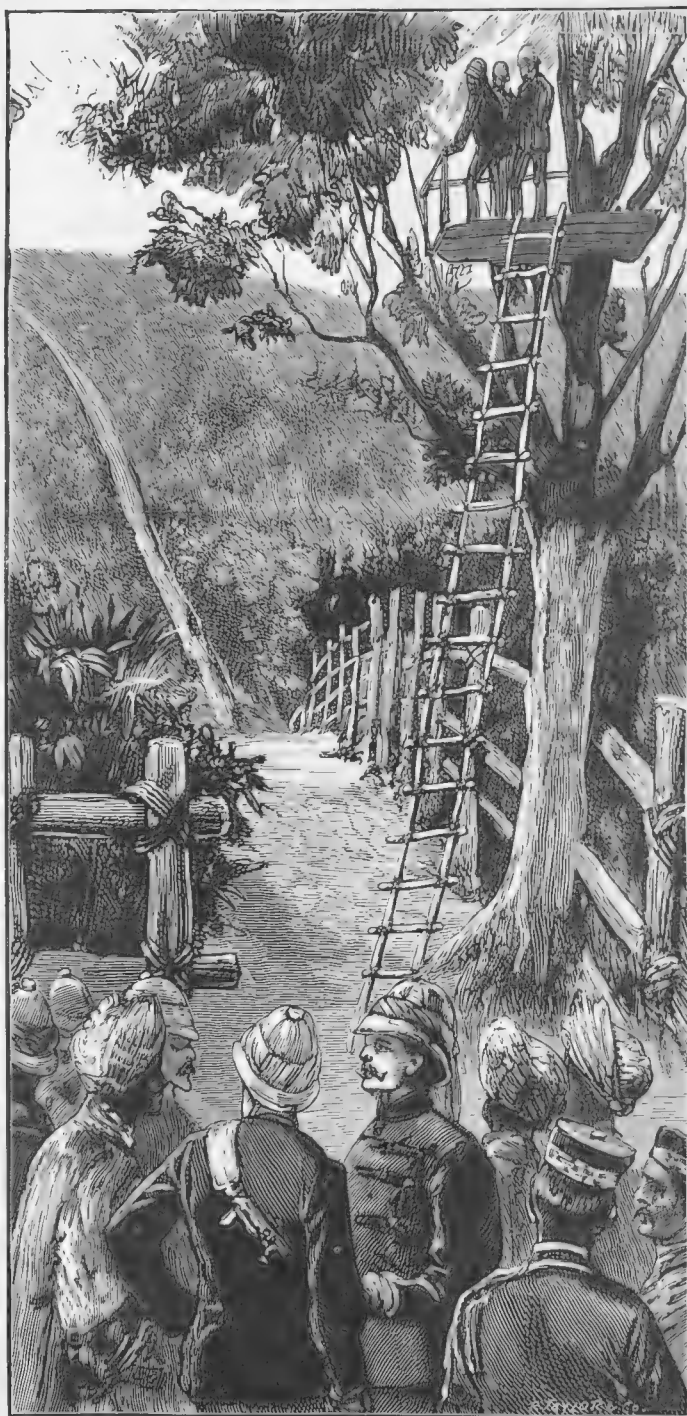
Pray, in this mirror make inspection
Of thy most fair reflection;
It has no error of deflection
From Loyalty,
Nor he that gives it thee.

THE ROYAL NURSERY.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York are the happy parents of four children, three sons and a daughter. The birth of their eldest son and heir, now known to all the world as Prince Edward of York, occurred at White Lodge, in the Duchess's old home, and it is said that it was by the Duke's own wish that the infant Prince, the third in the direct line of succession, should be given the essentially national names of Edward, Patrick, Andrew, and David. Their Royal Highnesses' second son is Prince Albert; their third, still an infant, was given the good old English name of Henry, and the little Princess, it need hardly be said, is known as Victoria.

COURTESY THE ROYAL RULE.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York are both distinguished by great courtesy of bearing. In this, indeed, they set an example to many of King Edward's humbler subjects, and it is significant that their Royal Highnesses make a point of being just as careful in their behaviour to the very poor as they are to the most important people. A pretty little story was told some time ago in the Highlands concerning a working-man who was heard telling a friend on the evening following the arrival of the future King and his Duchess at Balmoral: "I got a bonnet frae the Dook and a bow frae the Duchess; and I knew it was for me, for there wasna anither man in the road!"



PRINCE GEORGE (WITH PRINCE EDDIE) IN THE ELEPHANT KRAAL, KANDY.

"ALL HANDS MAY SMOKE."

In the June of 1898 the Duke of York was in command for three months of H.M.S. *Crescent*, and, as was natural, during a considerable portion of this time both the Duchess and little Prince Edward spent many happy days on board. On one occasion, when their Royal Highnesses were present at a concert given by the sailors, the Duchess, who is exceedingly observant, noticed that none of the men were smoking. Accordingly, she leant over to the Duke, and, a moment

WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE.

The *Ophir* is a splendid-looking steamboat. Her length is 465 feet, her breadth 53 feet 6 inches, her registered tonnage 6910, her horsepower 10,000, her speed 18½ knots. As in duty bound, everything has been done to make the *Ophir* look as bright as a ship can look. Her hull has been painted white, with a broad band of blue; the two funnels and the ventilators are of buff-colour, and the ship's boats, while pure white, are rimmed with blue and gold. The suite of Royal apartments comprises sitting-rooms, bedrooms, dressing-rooms, and bath-rooms. The drawing-room, which is situated on the promenade-deck, is a delightful apartment, the decorations being mostly white and the furniture of satin-wood. The dining-saloon will seat an immense number of people, and it is there that the Duke and Duchess will entertain those members of the Colonial world whom their Royal Highnesses intend to honour with invitations to dinner.

PROVISIONAL PLANS.

The Royal itinerary will probably be subject to considerable modification. It would seem, however, so far certain that the Duke and Duchess will sail on the 16th, and will be home again by Nov. 1, and that, whereas the months of May, June, and July will be spent in Australian waters, their Royal Highnesses hope to spend August in South Africa, and September and October in Canada and Newfoundland.

POINTS OF THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

The Royal progress will, in one matter, very much differ from former Royal visits to the Colonies. Everything will be done on a far grander scale, and processions will play a great part. Indeed, their Royal Highnesses' progress from St. Kilda to Government House, Melbourne, will be in the nature of a public procession, as also will be the function which will culminate in the opening of the Australian Commonwealth's first Parliament. A charming feature of the Duke and Duchess's stay in Melbourne will be a fête in which it is expected that upwards of twenty thousand school-children will take part.

THE DUCHESS AND THE COLONIAL DAMES.

It is much hoped in Australia that the Duchess will, during her stay at the Antipodes, hold a Drawing-Room as representing Queen Alexandra. Should this come to pass, there can be little doubt that the Duke of York will also hold a Levée; and, in this connection, it is gratifying to note that King Edward has directed Letters Patent to be passed empowering the Duke to confer the honour of Knighthood during his Colonial tour.



PRINCE GEORGE (WITH PRINCE EDDIE) AT FIJI: WITNESSING THE INCANTATION OF YANGOUA OR THE KAVA-BOWL.

after, the Royal Commander gave the welcome order, "All hands may smoke." It is said that Her Royal Highness was much amused to note how very soon—in fact, in less than ten seconds—pipes, cigars, and cigarettes were puffing "full steam ahead." But the Duchess stayed to the very end of the entertainment, observing, as she made her way through the clouds of smoke, that she did not know when she had spent a more pleasant evening.

A NEW CENTURY HONOUR.

The Duke of York was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral in Her late Majesty's fleet only on the 1st of last January, and to many people the announcement that His Royal Highness had been raised to Flag rank came as something of a surprise, though in naval circles it was generally anticipated that at some time previous to the Duke's departure for Australia he would be promoted to the higher grade.

Here it may be pointed out that, although his active naval career was cut short at a very early age, the Duke's naval experience has been of a very varied nature, and as a naval officer he visited many of the little-known quarters of the world, including South America, China, and Ceylon. As a midshipman, he served in the *Canada* on the North America and West Indian station; as lieutenant he served in the *Thunderer*, the *Dreadnought*, the *Alexandra*, and the *Northumberland*. His Royal Highness has always been specially interested in torpedo-boats, and during the Naval Manœuvres of 1889 he was in command of No. 79 Torpedo-boat. The following year he had the gratification of being placed in command of the gunboat *Thrush*, and in 1891 he was promoted Commander. In '93 he was advanced to Captain, and in this capacity he hoisted his pennant on board the cruiser *Crescent*. His Royal Highness can therefore well claim to have had experience in every grade of the Service to which he is so much attached, and those who have the privilege of his acquaintance realise how well William IV. understood what he was saying when he observed: "There is no place in the world for making an English gentleman like the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war."

"AS SAFE AS THE 'OPHIR.'"

The *Ophir*, the ship which is to have the honour of bearing the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to the Antipodes, had formerly the reputation of being the most reliable Liner ever launched, and it is pleasant to think that the words, "as safe as the *Ophir*," have become quite a proverb in the offices of the great steamship company for which the new Royal yacht—for so it must in future be considered—was originally built. Their Royal Highnesses made a thorough inspection of the vessel which is to be their floating palace while the *Ophir* was still in Tilbury Docks, and the Duke expressed himself as being very well satisfied with the result.



WEDDING PROCESSION OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK DOWN DECORATED ST. JAMES'S STREET, JULY 6, 1893.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

A Moderate Winter—A Progressive Spring—"Our Spring Rebellion Now On"—A Quick-Change "Star"—Least-Favoured Nation—Housing for the Rich—London on Wheels.

WINTER, which opened late in December, is now over, and the most delicate plants and fruit-trees have begun blossoming again at the point where they left off some six weeks ago. While in sunny France the poor are being frozen to death *en masse*, here in arctic England the birds are making extensive preparations for rearing a family or two at an early date (one of the dailies remarks on the "scarcity of larks," but, in these days of Maffickation and rowdyism, this is all the better). The grass, which has kept on growing absent-mindedly almost all the winter, must suspect a mistake in the calendar and hold this to be early autumn.

The rath primrose (whatever meaning this bears) is still *rather* this year. March has come in with the geniality of a lion which has just devoured a lamb. The usual quarterly rebellion in the Balkans, which, in the ordinary routine, breaks out in spring, but has antedated itself this year, is only another proof of the mildness of the weather. One

Church some time ago on account of bad eyesight! In the same way, one of our greatest professional golf-players was rejected from the Army for defective sight, and an amateur half-mile champion was lately found to have too weak a heart to join a Yeomanry corps.

This star, by-the-bye, is believed to be only the light of one which ceased existing generations ago. What an up-to-date study astronomy is! Though disputed by America, the constellation was undoubtedly first observed here. We may claim it as an exclusively English star, as Barnum claimed a comet which broke out during one of his shows. He advertised it in the amusement columns as no ramshackle comet like some others which could be named, and as in thoroughly good repair. He also announced that special arrangements had been made to avoid collision with other heavenly bodies, that it was engaged for a tour round the universe, and that places could now be booked.

As far as the Englishman is concerned, more worlds are wanted, for other uses besides conquest. He is hissed in France, abused by the newspapers in Germany, is shot in Belgium; Holland is out of the question; in China he runs the risk of being murdered by our own troops in a moment of gaiety. South Africa is rather *warm* at present. Australia is really the only place left for purposes of habitation.



THE "OPHIR" ENTERING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR TO PREPARE FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK'S IMPERIAL VOYAGE.

This is the first Photograph taken (by Stephen Cribb, Southsea) of the "Ophir" since she was painted white for the Royal Tour.

revolution, it is true, does not make a summer, and insurrection by the calendar is an utter mistake strategically, yet it strikes a note of hopefulness and joy.

The patent medicines hitherto advertised to cure every species of cold are now announced as infallible preventives of heat-rash and apoplexy. The veteran garments exhibited in the shop-windows for months as "Winter Wear—The Latest from Paris," are re-labelled and recommended to the customer as "Summer Novelties." An enterprising Transatlantic manager, who has through the winter called his establishment "the warmest corner in America," is now advertising it as "the best shady hotel in New York." Several hours of sunshine are reported from the balmiest English health-resorts. In Ireland (where, as is well known, the rain pours down incessantly in one solid sheet all the winter) an acute writer says that "the summer days are coming upon us like a thief in the night." The Swiss hotel-keepers have screwed up their official barometers (which are conducted on a stationary system for the encouragement of the tourist) to "Set Fair," in preparation for the season. The usual perjury about "the first butterfly of the year" is reaching newspaper-editors daily.

A new star has been discovered. As it appears to be of a different magnitude every night, it seems of the quick-change order, a style popular with "stars." In the usual way, it has been photographed, interviewed, and had "preliminary puffs" in the papers, and a portrait may be looked for in *The Sketch* as soon as it establishes its *bona fides*. Dr. Anderson, the first man in the world to see it, had to leave the

With warm weather, this housing difficulty will increase. Even for the upper classes, it is no trifle to find a house near the railway or other line of communication yet without noise or vibration, fairly fashionable yet not too dear, far enough from the Strand to be healthy yet near enough to be convenient. But, for rich or poor, locomotion is perhaps the most important thing in the world. With vehicles fast enough, we can turn day into night, summer into winter, heat into cold, expensive living into economy. We can turn a bad man into a good one by transporting him from London, where murder and robbery are frowned on as faults, to the South Pacific islands, where they are the highest virtues. Changing his habitat will turn an invalid into a strong man. A man in the Transvaal barely living on a sovereign a-day could, if locomotion were easier, be transferred to Morocco, where total expenses come to about seven-and-sixpence a-year.

Give me a suitable automobile, Archimedes might have said, and I can alter the world. Were freight abolished, brickbats could be quoted in some parts of the world at the same rates as gold. The proposal to turn working London out into the country to graze every evening is excellent, but the line of traffic must be attractive. Nowadays people do not "stand anything." They prefer the "Tube" to other systems largely because it is clean. There is no better investment in any business than some twelve-and-sixpence worth of paint spent on the front-door. An inquiry has been held about a man in Kentish Town who entered a tram and immediately dropped dead. In a 'bus or an Underground Railway carriage no suspicion would have attached to this strong action.

HILL ROWAN.

THE SHIP IN WHICH THE HEIR-APPARENT IS TO VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA AND BACK.

THE *Ophir*—H.M.S. *Ophir*, as she now is—has already been described in the pages of *The Sketch*. Everyone knows that she will carry Rear-Admiral the Duke of Cornwall and York and the Duchess upon the happily thought of Australian trip. The Australians will see more than a Prince Royal and Heir to the Empire on which the sun never sets and his bonnie wife. They will see also

ONE OF THE BEST ADMIRALS IN THE BRITISH FLEET.

It is no secret afloat that few of our Admirals would care to be compared professionally with our gallant Sailor Prince. Prince George's passion for a life on the ocean wave is well known, and he is never happier than when "rocked in the cradle of the deep." No one objects to "loafing about in harbour" more than he. To fight the raging gale is the Duke's special *métier*. "Master of the Seven Seas" is one of the titles of the King of England; how doubly appropriate will it be in the case of our Sailor Prince as next Heir to that glorious Mastery!

Under him, on board the *Ophir*, Prince George will carry with him as officers the

PICK OF THE BRITISH NAVY,

all selected specially on account of their brilliant professional qualifications. This arduous service and duty upon which they are to be engaged will ensure early promotion for them as a laurel crown to their endeavours, and, consequent upon this promotion, each of them stands to become in the fulness of time a British Admiral, marked, let us hope, with the same professional superiority that is the distinguishing characteristic of the Admiral-Prince under whose orders they will sail to the uttermost parts of the Empire. For good or evil, the officers of the *Ophir* are the Nelsons of to-morrow—or rather, in the sincere hope that there will be no naval war, let us say the might-be Nelsons. War, though a fine thing for "sucking Nelsons," has a terrible effect on the Income Tax of the ordinary British citizen.

Of the ships that will escort the *Ophir*, the most celebrated is

THE "ST. GEORGE."

She made her name on the West Coast of Africa as the Flag-ship of Sir Harry Rawson, now in command of the Channel Fleet. The Benin Expedition was "seen through" by the then crew of H.M.S. *St. George*, who were subsequently, officers and men, introduced to the late Queen at Osborne as a reward. The *St. George* carries two 9·2-inch and ten 6-inch guns. A finer and larger vessel is

THE "DIADEM," THE SMARTEST VESSEL IN THE CHANNEL FLEET.

She is armed with sixteen 6-inch guns, of which twelve are in armoured casemates. Her speed is $21\frac{1}{2}$ knots, and she has Belleville boilers, which, contrary to the way of Bellevilles according to popular report, do not go wrong.

THE "JUNO"

is a second-class cruiser, about half the size of the *Diadem*, 5500 tons against 11,000. She carries five 6-inch guns and six 4·7-inch, all behind shields. Her speed is somewhere about nineteen knots, and she is therefore the "lame duck," as it were, of the squadron, for both the *Diadem* and *St. George* can exceed even this high speed. All three, however, are fliers.

In connection with the officers of these fine men-of-war, it may be of interest to note that Commander Yelverton, of the *Diadem*, is

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford's "double." He is said to be the most popular officer in the Navy, both with his brother officers and the Blue-jackets. *The Sketch* wishes him all good fortune. We could well do with many more like him in the Fleet. It is the man who is loved by those under him who is best followed and who comes out top when trouble and war are upon us.

CHANGES AT WINCHESTER.

The Rev. Dr. Fearon, D.D., who has been Headmaster of Winchester since 1884, has just handed over the reins of government to the Rev. Hubert Burge. The new "head" comes from Repton, to which he was appointed last year. He is the son of a clergyman, and was born

at Fort William, Calcutta, in 1862. Educated at Bedford Grammar School and University College, Oxford (where he achieved academic distinctions of a high order), Mr. Burge went to Wellington in 1887 as assistant-master. During the three years in which he had charge of the sixth-form boys at this institution he did wonders for the progress of the school. He is a pronounced advocate of the importance of maintaining a sound mind in a sound body, and is, consequently, a firm believer in the virtues of cricket and football. An athlete himself of no mean repute, he is a prominent member of the New Universities and I Zingari Cricket Clubs.

Of all the great Public Schools in England, that of Winchester can boast of the longest record, the College having been carried on without

a break since 1393. The building operations, however, were commenced in 1387. During the five centuries of its existence, Winchester College has been the place where many of England's most illustrious sons have received their education. Prominent among her *alumni* may be mentioned Henry V., Archbishop Warham, Bishop Ken, Sir Thomas Browne, the poet Collins, Dr. Lemprière (the dictionary-maker), Sydney Smith, Lord Sherbrooke, and Dr. Arnold (the famous Headmaster of Rugby). In one of the class-rooms is preserved a sign-board painting, dating from the fifteenth century, which informs the youthful Wykehamist that "he must learn, leave, or be flogged." Judging from the success which the Winchester boys have gained at the Universities, it would seem that they have, as a rule, accepted the former contingency. By the way, it was at Winchester that the "monitorial system," now so largely followed in other Public Schools, was first introduced.

THE NEW GERMAN UNIFORM.

The new uniform for the German Army is said to be of a brown-grey cloth, very similar in colour to khaki. Helmet, tunic, and trousers will all be of the same hue, the belt will be of brown leather, and all showy equipments will disappear. The object, of course, is to render the Teuton soldier as nearly invisible as possible, and already arrangements are well advanced for clothing a certain number of battalions with the new uniform. Should the experiment be considered successful, the whole Army, Horse, Foot, and Artillery, will discard its brilliant trappings for the sober brown-grey hue so familiar of late to Tommy Atkins. The German Army, though, of course, as becomes the greatest military Power, an eminently workmanlike one, is at present perhaps the most picturesquely attired in the world, especially in the case of the Cavalry regiments and the Foot Guards. But Kaiser Wilhelm will gladly sacrifice all superfluous accessories if by so doing he can further the efficiency of his splendid fighting-machine.



H.M.S. "DIADEM," TO ACT AS CONVOY TO THE "OPHIR" AS FAR AS GIBRALTAR.



H.M.S. "ST. GEORGE," TO ACT AS CONVOY TO THE "OPHIR" FROM GIBRALTAR TO AUSTRALIA.



H.M.S. "JUNO," TO ACT AS CONVOY TO THE "OPHIR" FROM GIBRALTAR TO AUSTRALIA.

From Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

FROGMORE HOUSE.

A LITTLE-KNOWN ROYAL RESIDENCE.

MUCH interest has been aroused by the news that King Edward and Queen Alexandra will, while the necessary alterations are being carried out at Windsor Castle, take up their residence at Frogmore House. This is one of the most charming if lesser known of Royal residences, and one endeared to both their Majesties by the fact that it was there they spent a portion of the first year of their married life, and there also that their eldest child, the late lamented Duke of Clarence and Avondale, was born.

THE OSBORNE OF GEORGE III.

Queen Victoria inherited her passionate love of the country, and her devotion to the more intimate side of family life, from her grandfather, George III., and the charming little estate of Frogmore may be said to have been that estimable Monarch's Osborne, for, though within a walk of Windsor, it is completely hidden from the Royal Borough, and might be a hundred miles from the splendid official residence of British Sovereignty. King George built what is now known as Frogmore House as a present for his Queen, and there he and "good Queen Charlotte" spent many happy days surrounded by their children. A delightful portrait of George the Third's Consort hangs in the library of Frogmore House, and much of the beautiful eighteenth-century furniture scattered through the stately rooms was placed there by the first Queen who ever occupied the pretty old mansion.

FORMER ROYAL OCCUPANTS.

As was natural under the circumstances, Frogmore House, after the death of George III. and his Queen, passed into the possession of their unmarried daughter, the Princess Augusta. She was a favourite sister of both George IV. and William IV., and her residence being in such close proximity to Windsor caused her to be much with them. The gentle Princess was also Queen Victoria's favourite aunt, for she had shown marked kindness to the widowed Duchess of Kent when the latter was looked at askance by other members of the old Royal Family. After her death, the demesne was granted by the late Sovereign to her own much-loved mother, and it was there that the happy closing years of the Duchess of Kent's life were spent. It was during those same years that the Queen, Prince Albert, and their children became so fondly attached to the place, for no day went by without the inmates of the Castle paying the Duchess a visit, and it was at Frogmore that she finally passed away, beloved and regretted by all who knew her.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S MAUSOLEUM.

Following what is perhaps a foreign rather than a British custom, Queen Victoria decided that her mother should be laid to rest within a short distance of the House where she had spent the last years of her life. The Queen went on visiting Frogmore House almost daily, and it was natural that she should wish that the Duchess of Kent's Mausoleum should also be within an easy walk of the Castle, and, accordingly, it was decided that it should be built actually in the grounds of Frogmore, and there, on Aug. 17-18, 1861, Queen Victoria, for the last time, actually stayed in Frogmore House, visiting the next morning the newly erected tomb, which cannot be better described than in Prince Albert's own words, "The Mausoleum has become very beautiful, just what it should be—appropriate, pleasing, solemn, not doleful or repellent."

KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT FROGMORE.

Frogmore, after remaining empty some three years, was prepared for the occupation of the Prince of Wales and his bride during the

winter following their marriage, as the present Sandringham House was at the time being rebuilt. It was said in the 'sixties that the Prince of Wales had confided to a friend that he meant to stay at Frogmore only long enough to drink up a bin of splendid 1846 Lafitte; and further, that the last bottle had been drunk on the day of the baby Prince's birth! Be that as it may, their Majesties never cared to return to Frogmore after they had once entered on the occupation of Sandringham. Queen Alexandra has, however, remained much attached to the place, her favourite of the many charming apartments being that quaintly styled "the Flower-painted Room," which will probably be fitted up as a boudoir, the Yellow Drawing-room, a larger and more stately apartment, being used as a reception-room, while the King's study will be arranged in what was his grandmother the Duchess of Kent's sitting-room.

OTHER ROYAL OCCUPANTS.

Frogmore House was for some years the early married home of Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and it was there that their elder children were born. Since then, this charming Royal residence has remained unoccupied, save that occasionally it has been lent for a short time by Queen Victoria to one or other of her married granddaughters whom she wished to have near her, the latest Royal occupants being Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, who, with their children, spent at Frogmore House a considerable portion of

last year. During the latter half of Her late Majesty's reign, the Queen, whenever the Court happened to be at Windsor, spent the morning of each day at Frogmore—not, however, in the house, but in the beautiful grounds, where various summer-houses, as well as a more substantial building known as Queen Adelaide's Cottage, were resorted to by Her Majesty only in bad weather, for Queen Victoria during the summer half of the year was always working out-of-doors, often under the splendid tree known as Luther's Beech, while another favourite spot was under an evergreen oak noted for a spread of branches sixty feet in diameter.



WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN ARE TO SEEK FRESH AIR.

The wonderful gardens of Frogmore deserve to be better known than they are, though it is an instructive fact that botanists and gardeners come from all over the world to visit this portion of the Royal demesne at Windsor. The Frogmore gardens are, properly speaking, quite independent of Frogmore House, but they add a great charm to the place, and there is no doubt that Queen Alexandra, who is devoted to gardening, will much enjoy the proximity of the splendid glass-houses, of which the vineries alone are unique as being the most splendid in the kingdom.

A FEW STATISTICS.

Within the thirty-one acres of walled garden, two hundred and fifty varieties of pears and one hundred and fifty varieties of apples are trained, these producing each year, the one, fifteen hundred dozen pears, and the other, sixteen hundred dozen apples. Over five thousand pounds of grapes are produced from the vine-houses; and over twelve hundred pounds of cherries, nearly three thousand pounds of strawberries, and six hundred dozen peaches are also yearly despatched from Frogmore to various members of the Royal Family.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S FAVOURITE BLOSSOMS.

Queen Alexandra shares the late Sovereign's love for the simpler blossoms, her favourites being violets and lilies-of-the-valley. She has no love of orchids, and it is unlikely that the orchid-houses will be at all increased after their Majesties have made Windsor Castle one of their habitual residences. This liking for the humbler flowers is at one with Her Majesty's tastes in other directions.

CLYDE FITCH'S "CAPTAIN JINKS OF THE HORSE MARINES,"

AT THE GARRICK THEATRE, NEW YORK.



Miss Merriam
(Miss Sydney Cowell).

Mrs. Stonington
(Miss F. Addison Pitt).

Madame Trentoni
(Miss E. Barrymore)

Captain Robert Carrolton Jinks
(Mr. H. Reeves Smith).

ACT I.: THE LANDING DOCK OF THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY.



Augustus Bleeker von Vorkenberg
(Mr. H. S. Tabor).

Charles Lamartine
(Mr. G. W. Howard).

Madame Trentoni
(Miss E. Barrymore).

Professor Belliarti
(Mr. E. Stevens).

Mrs. Greenborough
(Miss E. Mortimer).

ACT II.: MADAME TRENTONI'S PARLOUR IN THE BREVOORT HOUSE.

From Photographs by Byron, New York.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK, K.G., Etc.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

WITH THE PYTCHLEY HUNT

THOUGH not the oldest pack of hounds in England, the Pytchley can vie with any other in the matter of history, and, for reasons which are all-apparent to those who have hunted in the country, which lies partly in Northamptonshire and partly in Leicestershire, it is very nearly the most popular hunt in the kingdom. To follow the Pytchley Hounds, one must have a horse which is fast, a big jumper, temperate, and at the same time a stayer. In other words, he who would be in at the death needs to sit across a hunter of the very best quality. The country is very strongly fenced, and in parts exceedingly interesting on account of its undulating character, while the northern and southern districts, comprising about one-third of its complete area, consist almost entirely of uninterrupted pasture. In the central portions there is a sufficient quantity of plough to test the stamina of both horse and hounds, and perhaps the eastern section provides the heaviest going, because there the largest areas of plough are to be found. It is a good sporting district, and, if wire is left standing, every precaution is taken to indicate its whereabouts. To the Spencer family the pack practically owes

the Pytchley in 1820, and of the Quorn from 1821 to 1823. Osbaldeston was the recipient from the members of the Pytchley of a snuff-box, on which was engraved, "To the best sportsman of any age or country," a compliment by no means undeserved. Until 1876, the same pack hunted both the Pytchley and the Woodland Pytchley, which latter pack, in the hands of Mr. Austin Mackenzie, became one of the best in England, and was sold for five thousand guineas in 1899, after which the Woodland country was hunted by Lord Southampton, who resigned at the end of last season. The Pytchley proper has been hunted by Mr. William Wroughton, a very popular Master, since 1894. At the close of last season he threatened to resign, but reconsidered his decision, and has done well in complying with the general request of those who hunt with him. He started with W. Goodall as huntsman, but now J. Isaacs carries the horn. On the whole, the Pytchley country is perhaps the best in England, and is, in consequence, very fashionable during the hunting season. According to "Baily's Hunting Directory," the best centres are West Haddon and Spratton, in the middle of the country; Market Harborough, on Mr. Fernie's boundary; Lutterworth, on that of the Atherstone; Rugby, on the North Warwickshire territory, also commanding meets of the Warwickshire and



Mr. Murray Smith. Mr. Gordon Cunard.

Mr. H. Mills.

Miss de Trafford.

WITH THE PYTCHLEY HUNT: SOME WELL-KNOWN MEMBERS.

its origin. Earl Spencer was its first Master, and reigned from 1750 to 1783. The kennels were originally at this nobleman's own country-seat, Althorp Park, near Northampton, and it is believed that the name of Pytchley was given to the pack upon the removal of the kennels to that village. The connection of the Spencer family with the Pytchley is one of the most notable facts concerning it, and no pack has enjoyed a more brilliant period than that of the Pytchley when, at the beginning of the last century, it was associated with Lord Althorp, who was not only one of the best Masters of Foxhounds, but a most excellent sportsman, a distinguished politician, a true and knowledgable friend to agriculture, and generally one of the most genial of public men. Four members of the same family have, at different times, taken great interest in this pack, and even as late as 1894 the Mastership was in the hands of a Lord Spencer, with Will Goodall as huntsman, a post he had then held for many years. A circumstance worthy of mention is that only two men have been Masters both of the Pytchley and Quorn, two packs which are held in the highest favour by huntsmen generally, though all are not fortunate enough to be able to visit them very often, and fewer still to make a long stay in these charming hunting countries. The two referred to are "Squire" Osbaldeston, who presided over the Pytchley from 1827 to 1834, and the Quorn from 1817 to 1821, and, again, from 1823 to 1827; and Sir Bellingham Graham, Master of

Atherstone; and, on the Grafton border, Weedon, whence meets of the Bicester are accessible. The subscription amounts to about six thousand pounds per annum; the minimum subscription is twenty-five pounds. Capping is not practised. At the favourite meets of the Pytchley, especially the Rugby side, where the hounds generally are on Wednesday, the attendance is, as a rule, very large; but those who successfully negotiate the rush which follows the signal of "goneaway" are sure of an exciting time of it, while to the men who are fond of fences of various and uncompromising sorts plenty of enjoyment is sure to be extracted from the run, which is nearly all over grass. It is, however, on the Market Harborough side where the jumping qualities of the horse and the skill of the rider are most severely tested. The grass-fields are large and very tempting, and the scent almost certain to be good; but perhaps some will agree with Whyte-Melville, who said that these fields would be "more inviting were they not separated by such forbidding fences," which he also declares "offer, indeed, scope for all the nobler qualities of man and beast; but, while sufficiently perilous for glory, seem to my mind rather too stiff for pleasure." Nevertheless, plenty are to be found willing to run the risk, and at many of the Pytchley fixtures where fences are not so strong ladies are to be seen in goodly numbers. The Honorary Secretary of the Pytchley is Captain Renton; the Secretary, Mr. C. A. Pelham, Buxworth, Northampton.

WITH THE PYTCHLEY HUNT.

From Market Harborough Photographs.



Captain Gage.

Lady de Trafford.

A FAVOURITE MEETING-PLACE.



JOHN ISAACS, THE HUNTSMAN.

THE EVOLUTION OF A DANCER.

MADAME KATTI LANNER.

IT would be hard to find in the world of our entertainers an artist who has served art and the public for a longer time or more consistently than Madame Katti Lanner. From the days when, a girl of fourteen years, she made her début at the Imperial Opera House of Vienna, down to the present time, when the Empire ballet passes before her every night, she has laboured in the service of dancing. If we cannot remember, our fathers

CANNOT FORGET HER PERSONAL TRIUMPHS

in dance and pantomime. Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Hamburg, Bordeaux, St. Petersburg, Lisbon, and New York had rendered worthy tribute to her gifts before she paid London a first visit, thirty years ago, and, though such judges as Fanny Elssler and Cerito had announced the rising of another star in the firmament of the dance, though the Crowned Heads of Europe had given her gracious compliments and costly gifts, the head of the great dancer remained as perfectly balanced as her body. She accepted the plaudits gratefully and with keen pleasure, without turning aside from the path marked out for her. In some of the great cities Madame Lanner has visited, I have listened to the reminiscences of musicians and stage-managers. They have two stories to tell, one of the extraordinary enthusiasm that prevailed among the distinguished audiences that the announcement of Katti Lanner's presence never failed to gather, the other of the long hours spent at practice in the morning, when the auditorium was empty and the stage belonged of right to the stage-carpenter and his ruthless myrmidons, the shifters of scenes. Born with a talent that was exceptional, Madame Katti Lanner polished it until it became genius by dint of long work from which our modern English girls would revolt. She is conscious that ballet-dancing in England is passing through evil days, and believes that the girls of England have the remedy in their own hands. If they will work hard enough, the training, added to their native charm, will compel the acknowledgment of the public; if, on the other hand, they lose heart half-way and are content with the ugly modern innovations that save trouble and bring no reward, stage-dancing will fall into a worse confusion than exists to-day.

MADAME LANNER'S FIRST APPEARANCE

in the Metropolis was made in the ballet "Giselle," during Colonel Mapleson's opera season at Drury Lane. After her engagement, she danced in Baden, where the old Emperor William of Germany personally expressed his pleasure; at the Grand Opera in Paris, where the judges of dancing were enthusiastic; and, after a tour through the United States, at New York, where she remained four years. Returning to London, she danced once more at Drury Lane, in the ballets "Elena," "Cupidon sur l'Île de Corail," and "Une Fête de Pêcheurs." The season at Her Majesty's followed, and there the great dancer made her final bow to a London audience, though Dublin was favoured with her last performance in public. Long years of unremitting labour had brought in their train a desire for partial rest, and Madame Lanner, to whom industry is the breath of life, decided to devote all her energy and talents to the development of the

NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR DANCING,

which Colonel Mapleson had founded in 1876 and placed under her direction. The result of her work soon became apparent. Ballet-dancing received a stimulus, and the dance-loving public hastened to support the fairy pantomimes and ballets under Colonel Mapleson, Carl Rosa, and others at Her Majesty's, the Alhambra, the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere. In 1880 she was working for Augustus Harris, and continued to arrange ballet for the Italian Opera, the Drury Lane pantomimes, and the provincial productions of Augustus Harris and Oscar Barrett.

The Crystal Palace pantomimes, the delightful open-air ballets—who will forget the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's music?—were all produced by Madame Lanner, whose artistic development was proceeding steadily, while her resources remained unaffected by her

own retirement from public performance. She gave to her pupils some of the grace and charm that had marked her own work in dance and pantomime; perhaps I may remark, without indiscretion, that in recent years I have seen her show how a piece of work should be done in a manner suggesting that what the Training School has gained the stage has lost. The establishment of the Empire as a home of ballet and Madame Lanner's work there are too recent to call for extended notice. For the moment, the mythological and spectacular ballets are under a cloud; but, remembering "Cleopatra," "Orfeo," "Versailles," "Katrina," "Faust," and "Monte Cristo," it is impossible to avoid the belief that the Empire must return to the work that brought

PHENOMENAL SUCCESS AND AN ENDURING REPUTATION.

There are signs that the public expects great ballets from the Empire, and a directorate that has commanded the services of a Katti Lanner, a Wenzel, a Cavallazzi, a Genée, and a Wilhelm, that can leave all competitors behind on questions of expenditure, can do all that mortals may to command success.

Some dancers work at their profession for the sake of the honours and the pleasant life that may be associated with it; many labour just so long as they need to secure a competency. How few remain working for very love of their beautiful art, when the nights of public performance are over and the anxiety about the future is set at rest!

Madame Katti Lanner has enjoyed triumphs without end; her house will hardly hold the trophies received in all parts of the civilised world.

But, in spite of all temptations to rest, she retains her ability to work, and her interest in the smallest detail connected with her management. "I could not live without working," she says; and so her brain remains occupied with dreams of beauty, while she sees the pupils, who came to her when they were helpless children, making a steady progress, and hears the praise of playgoers of the past as well as the present generation.

MR. ERNEST D'AUBAN.

Ballet-dancing to-day has a comparatively limited hold upon the public taste. It is welcomed, and, indeed, required, at the Empire and Alhambra; there may be room for it in one or two more of the variety palaces; but the theatres demand something different. When there was nothing to choose from except the orthodox Italian work and the vulgar contortions brought into Paris from the East, and sent, slightly sub-edited, from Paris to London, Kate Vaughan introduced skirt-dancing at the Gaiety, and became thereby the founder of a style that was developed by Sylvia Grey, Letty Lind, Florence Levey, Alice Gilbert, and other charming women no longer on the stage. The ugly whirlwind, serpentine, and rainbow dances

from which London suffered for a time were soon abandoned, and modern masters have endeavoured to evolve from the original skirt-dance something that is graceful and free from vulgarity; to create dances that, while they require considerable natural gifts, can be accomplished without the arduous training demanded by the Milanese and other orthodox schools.

Among the masters who have come rapidly to the front, none is more ingenious than Ernest D'Auban, clever son of a clever father, who is sketched here posing for Miss Katie Vesey in the sparkling dance he arranged for her in the final scene of the latest edition of "The Messenger Boy," at the Gaiety Theatre. John D'Auban's gifts are shared by his son, and these gifts are rare. The modern master has no help from tradition; he must improvise as he goes along, he must have an eye for lines and curves that would serve a sculptor, a keen sense of colour and of rhythmic motion. Moreover, he must gauge accurately the power and capacity for understanding possessed by his pupil, since the most beautiful measure intrusted to a dancer in whom it created no emotion would fail in effect. Unless ambition and capacity go hand in hand, the dancing-master has a hopeless task. Ernest D'Auban's Academy in New Oxford Street is likely to take rank among the houses that cater for the lighter form of dancing.

S. L. B.

Miss M. E. Wilkins's novel, "The Heart's Highway," has been dramatised, and arrangements have been made for its presentation both in this country and in America.



MADAME KATTI LANNER AND PUPILS.

Photo by Martin and Sullivan, Strand.



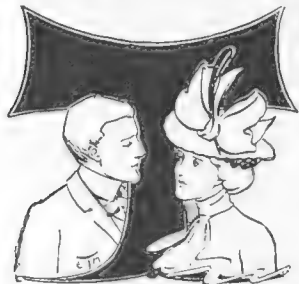
MR. ERNEST D'AUBAN ARRANGING POSES FOR MISS KATIE VESEY,
WHO IS NOW APPEARING IN THE NEW EDITION OF "THE MESSENGER BOY," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A THREE-CORNERED PUFF.

BY ALICIA RAMSEY.

Life is a three-cornered puff: sugar on top, heavy paste at bottom, and jam—very little jam—in between.—PROVERBS OF AN OLD FRENCHWOMAN.



HIS is a bad little story, but it is interesting. Bad little stories generally are interesting; that's why I like them. Once upon a time, when I was a young man, I used to write good little stories, and be good to my mother. Now, I write bad little stories, and my mother is good to me. Incidentally, I may add, the good little stories were not at all interesting. The moral of this is that, though it is good to be good, it is better to be bad—that is, if you want your stories to sell.

Morals are my strong point. Amongst the people who don't know me I am known as a highly moral young man. That is thanks to my old friend the little Frenchwoman—she was twenty-six last birthday, but she says it is *chic* to be old—who lives in the corner house with yellow flower-boxes off Park Lane. She believes in morals. She says "Morals maketh man." She never can get a quotation right, but her accent is simply great. When she says things like that and looks up at you out of the corners of her eyes . . . that, however, is a detail, and details are prejudicial to one's style.

Next to morals, my strong point is style. That is also thanks to my old friend the little Frenchwoman. What she doesn't know about style wouldn't be worth giving away as a wedding-present even to one's dearest friend. That is why I always read her my little stories before sending them to the editors. The candour of her criticisms, as she very truly says, proves her to have my best interests at heart. The worst of it is, she's so confoundedly difficult to please. When I wrote good little stories, she said they were "too, too bad." Now I write bad little stories, she says they are "too, too good." What on earth are you to do with a woman like that?

"They are cotelettes of the mutton, your good little stories," she said to me last week, "dressed *à la sauce piquante*."

I was so pleased, I was going to ask her for an invitation to dinner, when she added—

"It is a peety it is *English sauce piquante*."

If she hadn't looked so adorably pretty, I should have . . . instead, I grovelled for permission to kiss her hand. "Grovelled" is not the word I intended to use, but life is not long enough for corrections, so I'll let it pass. All the same, some of these days I shall write a little story about my old friend the little Frenchwoman, and then! . . .

This, however, is a little story about my friend Reggie and me.

Reggie is my best friend. That goes without the saying. Otherwise this amusing little episode would never have happened to him and me. Reggie is my best friend. I am awfully kind to Reggie, and Reggie is awfully fond of me. I know no one whose society I prefer to Reggie's when anything goes wrong.

Reggie is rich. I am poor. Some day, when some score of uncles and aunts have gone to the rest they have earned so badly, I shall be rich too. Then I shall *not* pay Reggie back the money he has lent me. At present I am horribly hard-up. Unhappily, I am of that generous and kindly disposition so characteristic of the poor: I can deny nobody anything—not even myself. It is this charming disposition, combined with my poverty, which so often lands me in a fix. It's easy enough to fix the fix when Reggie is at home; but Reggie's such a fool—he's everlastingly going away. On this particular occasion, as usual, the fix was there, and Reggie was not. (There isn't an ounce of thoughtfulness about Reggie.) The "fix" was for close on eight hundred pounds—

One hand-painted fan, rococo sticks, monogram brilliants	... £225
Parasol handle flawless amber tortoiseshell, monogram brilliants and turquoise	... 175
Ditto ditto in jade, monogram brilliants and black pearls	... 250
Set tortoiseshell brushes, monogram rose brilliants	... 125

That was the worst of Dollie—she always would have her blessed name stuck on everything. She said it was individualistic. I said it was absurd. Then we quarrelled. Then Dollie cried. Then I went out and bought a diamond bracelet. Then— But enough. I may say, more than enough. A few more details of a similar nature, and I should have no style left, nor anything else, for that matter.

Eight hundred pounds! And all for a few wretched parasols and hair-brooms! Now, if it had been for a few good cigars and a case or two of wine, there'd have been some sense, and one wouldn't have grudged the price; but eight hundred pounds, and nothing to show for your money!

I was just wishing Reggie would go to the devil for not being there when I wanted him so badly, when the door opened and in he walked.

"Hullo!" said I.

"Hullo!" said he.

"What's the time with you?" said I.

"What's the time with you?" said he.

"I'm in a fix," said I.

"I don't care," said he. "I'm spliced."

Then the ass sat down on the table, shoved his hat to the back of his head, and roared with delight. I hate Reggie's laugh. It's so loud and unsympathetic. If I weren't so awfully kind to Reggie on principle. . . . Of course, I knew he was only fooling, so I sat and stared at him in a superior sort of way. I hate those silly jokes.

Presently Reggie stopped laughing, and said, "No cod."

I said, "Oh, don't be an ass!"

Then Reggie laughed until I thought he'd have made himself sick. Then he looked at me.

Now, as everyone knows, Reggie's an awful ass and fools around all day long; but, when he looks at you in a certain way— Reggie looked at me. I looked at Reggie. Then I knew he wasn't fooling, and I sat down and gasped.

Now, Reggie is a Personage. Some day, if Providence is merciful, Reggie may be a Duke. Dukes are "spliced" in Westminster Abbey, with their portraits in the sixpenny papers, and a diamond brooch for the bride from the Queen, so I guessed in an instant something was up. I was pretty parched to know what it all meant; but it's such deuced bad form to be curious, so I made up my mind only to ask one little, insignificant question, just by way of showing my interest.

I said, "Who's the girl?"

Reggie said, "My wife."

Then I knew all about everything, and I was sorry for Reggie. I knew everybody else would be sorry for Reggie, too, and tell him so. I hate being like everybody, so I held out my hand (people remember these little things afterwards) and congratulated him with all my heart.

Then Reggie sat down and talked.

He told me she was the best, the dearest, the loveliest girl he had ever met. He told me she was the sweetest, the smartest, the cleverest . . . The only thing he didn't tell me was where she came from and what was her name. It took Reggie an hour to tell me what I didn't want to know; then he said he had stayed too long and must get back at once. "But, before I go," said he, "what about the fix?"

I said, "What's a fix compared to a man who's spliced?"

Reggie said, "Don't be an ass! How much?"

I don't believe in explanations, so I handed him the bill.

Reggie said, "Bless me! Who's the girl?"

I never resist temptation on principle. I said, "My wife."

You should have seen Reggie's face! Then he saw I was only fooling, and told me not to jest with such sacred things as marriage. The lecture took half-an-hour. Then he wrote the cheque and handed it to me.

Then I wrote an I.O.U. and handed it to him.

Reggie said, "Don't be an ass!" and put my "I.O.U." into the fire. He's always so unbusiness-like, is Reggie. That's one of his best points.

Then we shook hands again, and Reggie asked me to come round that night and dine, and be introduced to her. I said I would.

Then Reggie went.

Then I sat down and laughed.

When I had done laughing I went and cashed the cheque.

"We haven't disposed of that duplicate bracelet yet," said old Leroy, as he handed me the receipt. "A most unique design, those three diamond stars."

I looked at the thing sparkling up at me out of its velvet case, and it seemed to me it winked.

The wink reminded me of Dollie and her rage when I told her I could only afford not to pay for one. It occurred to me it would possibly please Reggie if I sent it to his wife, so I told old Leroy to put it up.

Old Leroy said, "To the same address as the other, your Lordship?"

I thought the old man would have had a fit when I gave the name and address of Reggie's wife.

Then I went round to Gerrard's and ordered a small haystack of roses to be sent round to her as well.

As I was lunching at Jimmy's, old Freddie Treherne turned up.

I said, "Heard the news?"

Freddie Treherne said, "What's the game?"

I said, "Reggie's spliced."

Freddie Treherne said, "Oh, don't be such an ass!"

That gave me an idea. I didn't say anything more to Freddie, but went on eating my lunch. I thought I would go and see my Aunt Maria, who was having a party that afternoon, and spring the news on her, so I bundled into my clothes and went round to her house.

Unfortunately, important business delayed me, and I got there late. The place was cram-jam-full, and I got stuck in a doorway with the two Mathieson girls and an uncle of mine, a Bishop—not a bad old chap as Bishops go, but an awful bore. I was just going to whisper about Reggie to the girls, when some of the women in front of me moved and I saw the top of a hat. It was all green stuff and pink flowers that wobbled. I don't know why, but for the life of me I couldn't take my eyes off that hat. I felt as if I had known it in a previous incarnation, and seeing it again gave me a turn. Then some more women moved, and I saw the hair—shiny, golden hair, like a spider's web in the sunshine, quite different from everybody else's. Then some more women shifted, and I saw a hand—a small hand, with a white glove monogrammed in black, and a bracelet made of three diamond stars.



THE FIRST TIFF.

Three diamond stars!

"Good biz!" Reggie's voice came booming across the Eternities as he banged into my back. "Come along and be introduced to my wife. Dearest—my best pal."

The hand dropped. The hat moved. The head turned. It was Dollie! The little cat smiled up at me as if butter wouldn't melt in her wicked little mouth.

Half-an-hour later, I stood in my Aunt's hall with Reggie waiting for Dol—I mean, waiting for Reggie's wife. Reggie was boring me terrifically about the sacred duties of a man who has married a wife. Suddenly he stopped and said, "I'm worrying about that fix."

I said, "Oh, that's off!"

Reggie said, "Thank God you chucked her!"

I said, "Thank God she chucked me!"

Reggie said, "Bless me, why did she do that?"

I said, "I suppose she found a richer ass."

At this interesting moment, Reggie's wife came down the stairs, followed by about fifteen men. I thought of my Aunt Maria's rage upstairs, and I was glad.

It was difficult, but I meant to say my say, and I said it.

I said, "Look here, you must send that second bracelet back."

Dollie said, "I told you you'd give it me in the end, dear Donkeylette!"

Then she looked over her shoulder and smiled up into Reggie's face, and I saw Reggie's lips turn white. I knew what Reggie was thinking. For two pins I'd have slapped Dollie's enchanting little face.

Then the carriage came up and Dollie got in.

Reggie said with enthusiasm, "Did I say too much?"

I said with conviction, "My dear old man, you didn't say half enough."

Then, like the gentlemen on the stage, we shook hands again.

As they drove away in the sunshine, Dollie waved her hand very prettily to us. The sun caught the jewels in her bracelet. For the second time that day it seemed to me that the diamonds winked.

HONEST JOHN.*

THE Life of John Howe Osborne, of Brecongill, commonly known among his pals as "Honest John," takes us back to the days when races were sometimes run in three heats on the same afternoon, and to that strong brigade of first-class English jockeys which comprised Fordham, Wells, Custance, Chaloner, Maidment, Grimshaw, and others in the front rank, as well as the subject of this sketch.

John Osborne's first leg-up, in public, was on Miss Castling at Redcliffe Bridge, so far back as Sept. 7, 1846, when he was no more than thirteen. Three years later, he won the Liverpool Cup on Bon Mot, a twenty-to-one chance. His last mount was Watercress, who ran third to La Flèche, from the same stable, in the Leger of '92. He was then fifty-nine. For the last eight years he has given his attention exclusively to training, chiefly for Mr. Vyner, but has not been very successful, and this bad luck he mainly attributes to most of the best horses being sent to Newmarket nowadays for their preparation. "Honest John" is just sixty-eight, and father of a grown-up family of ten, one of whom is a surgeon in the Royal Navy. He is still hale and hearty, rises with the lark, and invariably walks eight or ten miles a-day, besides taking horse-exercise with the colts and fillies it is his business to school.

In his time he has, of course, had vast experience in the racing world, and has known many celebrities of the Turf, human and equine. Among the former was the notorious Palmer, of Rugeley, the poisoner, whom he always thought a nice sort of fellow to speak to. Another curiosity was Mr. Leyland, who, "in a fit of mental aberration," quite flabbergasted "Honest John" by handing him a cheque for ten thousand pounds for riding Chippendale into second place behind the great American colt Foxhall in the Cesarewitch of '81. Lord Glasgow, who at times swore like a trooper, as the saying goes, and gave way to most terrific fits of passion, belonged to the same category. He spent a ton of money on his stud, but was very unfortunate. He bred racehorses as big as camels, say the folk at Middleham. When he found they could not run fast enough, he would go into the paddock with his gun and shoot them down. Once, when Mr. Payne remarked to his Lordship, "By Gad, Glasgow, you're an unlucky fellow!" he promptly retorted, "What! Unlucky, and born with a hundred and twenty thousand a-year?"

It was "Honest John" who won the Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, the Coronation Stakes, and the Leger with Apology, for Parson King, Vicar of Ashby-de-la-Launde, a neighbour who, coming to loggerheads with his Bishop, preferred throwing up his living to putting down his stud. He might just as well have been left alone, for he died shortly afterwards. Although all jockeys bet, notwithstanding Jockey Club rules, "Honest John's" speculations in this respect have been small. He rarely put more than £2 on a horse, and when he went so far as a "fiver" he considered he was making a great plunge. Fred Archer was the reverse. He plunged heavily, and, although he left something like £50,000 in Consols to accumulate for little Nell, his daughter, he confessed to a friend, not long before his death, that he would have been a happier, richer, and better man if he had never had a shilling on a horse in his life.

This is a delightful volume, embellished by a number of excellent photogravures. It does credit to author, publisher, and "Honest John" alike, and will be read with lively interest by all who are in any way connected with the Turf.

EDWARD VIZETELLY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE practice of putting new books up to auction seems on the increase. During the last few days I have heard of two most important books which have been offered to a number of publishers, who have been frankly informed that the books will go to the highest bidder. Such an arrangement, however, very seldom pays either author or publisher or literary agent—in the long run.

I see that Mr. Murray has been writing to the papers with regard to "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters," and disclaiming any knowledge of the authorship of the book, which, he says, was brought to him in the ordinary course of business by a well-known literary agent. There is no reason now why the name of the literary agent should be kept secret. It was Mr. J. B. Pinker who made the arrangements with regard to publication, and who, of course, is one of the very few who are in the secret of the authorship of the Letters.

It is reckoned that over two million copies have been sold of Sienkiewicz's great novel, "Quo Vadis?" which has been published in no less than twenty-five different languages. The history of its success is remarkable, for it was introduced into England, and, indeed, into France and Germany, *via* America. In fact, the work was practically unknown in this country and across the Channel until after it had sold enormously in the United States.

I hear that more than one English publisher is seriously thinking of starting a business in the United States. It is true that some years ago the amount of business done by English publishers in America was comparatively small, and that an American "house" was often an unprofitable enterprise; but of late the sale of books there has been so gigantic that more than one English publisher has during the last twelve months made considerably more out of his American business than out of his business on this side of the Atlantic.

I hear that a lady novelist whose first book, published some time ago, met with a remarkable success, has recently completed a new novel which is likely to cause a considerable sensation—if it is ever published.

There has been such a rigorous censorship on the news of the recent disturbances in Spain that it is probably not known that they were not a little due to the famous Spanish novelist and dramatist, Benito Perez Galdos, several of whose books have been translated and published in this country. It was Galdos's anti-clerical drama, "Electra," produced at the beginning of February, which fanned into flame the people of Madrid. Since the death of Echegaray, Galdos has occupied the premier position in Spanish literature, and the fact that he should have written such a bitter polemical work is eloquent of the feeling of the Spanish public. "Electra" is nothing more nor less than an attack on the Jesuits, a dramatic representation of the Convent scandal which created such a sensation in Spain and first led to the disturbances. The play was received with the utmost enthusiasm, which reached its height when the hero threw the Jesuit to the ground and shouted, "Curse you, you snake!" and when, as the curtain fell, Electra, rescued from the Convent, replies to the bitter attack of the Jesuit, "I am not fleeing—I am rising from the dead." The police did their utmost to stop the representations of "Electra," but without success, and I believe it is still being played every night to crowded houses.

In order to escape from the sordid obsession of the newspaper reports of the Old Bailey trials, I took up, the other evening, a volume, entitled "The Black Tortoise," whose cover seemed to promise pleasant sensationalism. There is nothing to show that the book has been translated, but I understand that the author is a German, and that "The Black Tortoise" has had a remarkable success in the Fatherland. If this is so, I can well understand that German readers come to England and France for their fiction, for it is safe to say that there are at least a hundred writers living in England at the present moment who could produce a better sensational story than "The Black Tortoise" standing on their heads. The very inanity of the book is, however, amusing, and I can recommend it to anyone who enjoys giving a self-complacent pat to his intelligence. It is one of those pleasant books where the most unimaginative reader is always a chapter or two ahead of the author, and at least a hundred pages ahead of the detective. The story turns on photography. Under these circumstances, it would have been as well if the author, Mr. Frederick Viller, had done a little cramming in the photographic art, even if he had not taken the trouble to learn something of its practice. I am not an expert myself, but I do not think I should have written of a snapshot apparatus which had "a roll of prepared paper sufficient to take ten photographs. When all the paper on the roll has been used up, it is taken out in order to get the pictures developed and a new roll is inserted. On the back of this photograph you will find number 10 printed." Nor do I think I should have made the whole mystery turn on a snapshot photograph taken at a very quick speed inside a museum at about six o'clock in the evening—a photograph so clear that, although it was of small dimensions, it clearly showed a ring on a lady's finger.

By the way, I am wrong in saying that "The Black Tortoise" does not bear marks of a foreign origin. No one but a translator could possibly have perpetrated such a sentence as "The reason why the lawyer had a man-servant was, as I have already mentioned, because his feet were *almost lame*." And I suppose no one but a foreigner would have written of "Messrs. Hambo, the famous London Bankers."—o. o.

* "Ashgill; or, The Life and Times of John Osborne." Written and Compiled by J. B. Radcliffe ("Saxon"). London: Sands and Co.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S POSTHUMOUS OPERA.

"THE EMERALD ISLE," Sir Arthur Sullivan's last opera (completed by Mr. German), has been for a week or two in rehearsal at the Savoy Theatre. You may expect to see it about Easter. From what I have heard of the music and lyrics, a complete success may be predicted for the Hibernian opera, which is very attractive in story. But I must not say more at present, the manager having requested me to be reticent on the subject. By the way, Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Beauty Stone" is to be performed in Berlin.

CONCERT GIVERS

are looking forward to the opening this spring of a handsome and convenient concert-room by Messrs. Bechstein, of Wigmore Street.

Already sundry announcements are issued of performances to take place at the new concert-room, which is situated within two hundred yards of Cavendish Square. The plan of having a concert-room attached to their pianoforte warehouses is becoming popular with the principal pianoforte-makers; the great Paderewski, it will be remembered, delighted those who idolise him and his long, fair hair by opening the Erard Rooms with a brilliant Pianoforte Concert.

SIGNOR MANUEL GARCIA,

formerly a splendid vocalist, and at present Professor in the Royal Academy of Music, is hale and hearty, although past his ninetieth year.

JEAN LOUIS NICODÉ,

although little known as a composer in London, is a musician of great attainments. He is a native of Posen, and his early reputation was gained as a pianist. Then he became a Professor at the Dresden Conservatoire. Very few of his works are known in our musical circles, but at a concert given by Miss Ethel Robinson, at St. James's Hall, on March 5, five new works by Nicodé were heard for the first time in this country. One of these, a sonata for violoncello and pianoforte, was received with so much favour that it is likely to become popular in our concert-rooms. Madame Lily Henkel was the pianist on the occasion referred to, M. Kolni Balozky being the violoncellist.

MESSRS. BROADWOOD AND SONS

may be congratulated on their success at the Paris Exhibition, where a grand pianoforte of their make gained the chief prize, notwithstanding severe foreign competition. It is worthy of note that this eminent firm was established in 1732, and has, therefore, enjoyed uninterrupted popularity for nearly one hundred and seventy years.

HERR VAN ROOY,

the famous Dutch basso who was so successful in Wagner's works at Covent Garden last season, will give a vocal recital at St. James's Hall on the 26th inst. Schubert's beautiful songs are to be the chief items, and, with the exception of a Beethoven Sonata, all the music will be vocal.

A TWO-ACT OPERETTA BY MR. EDWARD GERMAN,

called "The Rival Poets," was performed at St. George's Hall recently by students of the Royal Academy of Music. Mr. Edward German, who was formerly a student at the Royal Academy, produced the operetta there about fifteen years ago. I must say something more about this clever young composer shortly.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN,

is to-morrow (Thursday) evening to be the scene of what bids fair to be a particularly joyous festival—a dinner, followed by a dance, to celebrate the coming-of-age of Mr. Willie Rendle, the bright and genial son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rendle. Brother-in-law of the late Sir Augustus Harris (to whom the musical public was so deeply indebted for reviving the operatic glories of Covent Garden), Mr. Frank Rendle has, since the death of that lamented impresario, joined forces

with Mr. Neil Forsyth to carry on the series of Fancy-Dress Balls which add to the *joie de vivre* every winter. The customary handsome prizes are to be offered at the last of the Covent Garden Costume-Balls, fixed for Friday night next.

DRURY LANE DRAMA,

banished from its native home whilst Pantomime in its most magnificent guise holds the stage of Mr. Arthur Collins's popular theatre, is taken on tour in the spring. With new scenery and fresh dresses, Mr. Cecil Raleigh's wonderful play, "The Price of Peace," started on its provincial career in the suburbs last Monday, namely, at the Alexandra, Stoke Newington, Mr. John Coleman sustaining Mr. Henry Neville's part; and on the same night Mr. Raleigh's "Hearts are Trumps" commenced its tour at Ealing.

THE LYCEUM.

The time draws near when Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry are to return to the Lyceum, after a remarkably successful suburban tour. Hence the announcement of the last nights of the grand Lyceum production of "Henry the Fifth," in which Mr. Lewis Waller has achieved his chief triumph. On Saturday next, MM. Waller and Mollison give the concluding performance (a *matinée*) in town; and on the following Monday they start their "Henry the Fifth" travelling tour at the Royal,

Manchester. Except that Miss Enid Spencer Brunton, from the Criterion, is to play Katharine instead of Miss Brooke, the touring company of "Henry the Fifth" will be the same as that which has drawn so well at the Lyceum.

REVIVAL OF "MAMMA," AT THE CRITERION.

It was a happy thought of Messrs. Wyndham and Bouchier to revive "Mamma," at the Criterion, pending the production of Mr. Richard Claude Carton's new play. "Mamma," so cleverly adapted by Mr. Sydney Grundy from "Les Surprises du Divorce," is not only a play chockful of merriment, but, unlike many adaptations from the French, and, indeed, unlike many an original play in these days, it is thoroughly wholesome. Mr. John Hare and Mrs. John Wood, the original Jack Pontifex and Mrs. Jannaway at the Court thirteen years ago, are, of course, hard to replace. But, equally of course, Mr. Arthur Bouchier



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS, WHO HAS BEEN CAST FOR THE PART OF DIANA IN THE REVIVAL OF "MAMMA," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

Photo by Nadar, Paris

and Mrs. Charles Calvert are as good substitutes as could be found. The remainder of the cast, including Mr. George Giddens, Mr. Ernest Hendrie, and Miss Ethel Matthews, is quite as strong as the original at the Court. The beautiful Miss Matthews's return to the stage after so long an absence is very welcome. Undoubtedly all husbands should take their mothers-in-law and wives to watch the sufferings of poor Jack Pontifex, who, having divorced one wife in order to get rid of her tyrannical mother, finds, on marrying again, that his new wife's father has married his recent wife, who is now, therefore, his own step-mother, while the ex-mother-in-law is again in evidence.

MISS BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON, who made her London debut yesterday in the revival of "Mamma," at the Criterion, has been, like her uncles, Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mr. Norman Forbes, a member of Sir Henry Irving's Company. This charming little lady had the inestimable advantage of acting in Sir Henry's Company during his autumn tour. Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson is a daughter of Mr. Ian Robertson, and, therefore, a granddaughter of Mr. Joseph Knight, the genial and accomplished Dramatic Critic and Editor of the *Athenæum* and *Daily Graphic* and the learned periodical *Notes and Queries*. Remarkably handsome, Mrs. Ian Robertson is a familiar figure in the stalls on first-nights, and is, doubtless, of service to her father in the way of dramatic criticism.

THE KENDALS.

It is now settled that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal shall run a season at the St. James's during Mr. Alexander's absence on tour next summer. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal should be especially welcome at this house, where they made so many of their former successes. Great disappointment was expressed by Mr. Robert Arthur's patrons of the Kennington Theatre last week at Mrs. Kendal's absence through illness—an absence which caused this beautiful playhouse to be closed on certain nights. Mr. George Edwardes's "Kitty Grey" Company is again amusing the Kenningtonians this week.

MR. RICHARD SAWADE'S ANIMAL "TURN" AT THE HIPPODROME.

Mr. H. E. Moss relies with confidence upon the attractiveness of the thrilling performances with animals of Mr. Richard Sawade in the arena of the London Hippodrome. Mr. Sawade eclipses the redoubtable Seeth himself. He does not rely upon lions only, but exhibits his mastery over tigers, bears, and boar-hounds, as well as over "the King of Beasts." The photographs give a good idea of the daring nature of Mr. Sawade's performance at the Hippodrome.

"CAPTAIN JINKS OF THE HORSE MARINES."

Another American play intended for exportation to "Europe"—as they say out there when they mean "England"—is the work of that exceedingly prolific playwright, Mr. Clyde Fitch. He calls it "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." This title will doubtless be remembered by ancient London music-hall habitués as being the name of a comic song sung in what Mr. Clement Scott would call "the early 'sixties" by Mr. Harry Rickards, now one of the most extensive of Antipodean

theatrical and variety managers. In this play Captain Jinks is shown to be one of three "about-town" Johnnies who make a sort of three-cornered wager as to which of them capture the affections—and, in that case, share the fortune—of a certain opera "star" whose stage-name is "Madame Trentoni." It so happens that Captain Jinks, albeit entering into this nefarious compact with utter light-heartedness, falls so hopelessly in love with the beautiful object of the triple wager that he at once offers to give up the lady's fortune to his two confederates, providing only that they will leave him in undisturbed possession of the affections of the lady, who believes him to be "all unselfishness," as they say on the stage. Jinks's comrades, however, piqued at his success, take an early opportunity of revealing the details of their original "triple alliance" to the operatic "star," whereupon she bids him "farewell for ever." This "for ever" means, of course (as in most plays minus unhappy endings), until the last Act, when all is explained and the Horse Marine Captain and "the only woman he has ever loved" are made happy. Madame Trentoni is enacted by Miss Ethel Barrymore. The character of Captain Jinks is impersonated by our native comedian, Mr. H. Reeves Smith.

MISS KATE CUTLER.

The omission of two words in a paragraph which recently appeared respecting the health of Miss Kate Cutler (Mrs. Sydney Ellison) tended to give quite a wrong impression, as I am authorised by Mr. Sydney Ellison to say that his wife and baby are in the enjoyment of the most perfect health. The re-appearance of this bewitching songstress will be looked forward to with great interest.

THE AVENUE.

On the withdrawal of "A Message from Mars" from the Avenue Theatre, the theatre will pass into the hands of Messrs. Sleath and Willie Edouin, who will shortly produce there a quaint comedy in three acts, entitled "Nicandra." It is expected that Mrs. Brown-Potter will play the name-part.



MR. RICHARD SAWADE'S ANIMAL "TURN" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.



MR. RICHARD SAWADE AND HIS LIONS AND TIGERS, NOW PERFORMING AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

From Photographs by Theodor Reimers, Hamburg.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The X-Frame and the Diamond—That Bill in Parliament—Hill-Climbers—Breaking the Law—How to Raise Money—The War Office Awake at Last.

Time to light up: Wednesday, March 13, 6.58; Thursday, 6.59; Friday, 7.2; Saturday, 7.4; Sunday, 7.6; Monday, 7.7; Tuesday, 7.9.

We shall see plenty of X-framed bicycles on the roads this season. They have distinctly "caught on," though I think the novelty appeals more to the general rider than does the general principle. There can be no doubt, however, that X-frames are more rigid than the diamond-frame. But a question that might very well be asked is, Isn't the diamond-frame rigid enough? Do diamond-frames easily give out? The only answer is that diamond-frames are excellent. Personally, I think it extremely foolish, the instant an improvement has been discovered, to raise the cry that to ride a machine, say, of last year's manufacture is to court suicide. Therefore, while accepting the X-frame as a distinct advance on the triangle, let us not forget that the triangle-frame is still serviceable. If you are going to buy a new machine this spring, get an X-frame. Such a bicycle will respond more readily to your labour of pedalling. But, if you were to ask me which machine responds most readily, I would say the Pedersen.

Sometimes I find myself playing apologist for the railway companies who don't make cyclists their first consideration. Yet there are other times when my equanimity is almost disturbed by the harsh way they treat our machines, and sometimes ourselves. I could myself, easily and speedily, devise a scheme whereby a bicycle could be carried as safely as a birthday-brooch in a registered box. But I long since lost all my illusions. I don't expect the cyclists' millennium in my time at least, and if, in the luggage-van, I can place my machine in a corner where a milk-can won't strike up acquaintance with it and demoralise it, and if, at the end of the journey, I find not too much of the enamel chipped off, well, I am satisfied. But if I pay a heavy sum for the conveyance of my machine, can't find it when I get to my destination, but have it brought me a fortnight later utterly wrecked; and then, when I want damages from the railway company, they refuse responsibility; and if, in a Law Court, I lose my case because on the ticket it states the machine was carried at "owner's risk," I do think I might venture to be annoyed. This is just what has happened to a clergyman. A railway company must be pretty mean when it shelters culpability behind that "owner's risk" phrase. There is a Bill before Parliament this Session to oblige railway companies to take better care of bicycles—a beautiful, ideal Bill—and some folks, who don't understand the ways of Parliament, assume it is soon to become law. As far as that is concerned, the Bill is little better than waste-paper.

Knocking about the country, one cannot fail noticing how cyclists resident in a hilly district become wonderfully expert in climbing gradients which to riders from more level parts are nigh unrideable. You will see girls take hills with comparative ease, whilst the stranger has to dismount and trundle his wheel. A hilly country—but not too hilly—is far more enjoyable, from the cycling point of view, to say nothing of scenery, than the level. To go pedalling along a level gets

monotonous, whilst among hills you may have at times a long upward tug, but this is compensated for by the delicious exhilaration of coasting. I was in Newcastle the other day, and I was struck by the agility with which many riders climbed the gradients there. The tram-lines in that city are in places appreciably higher than the road. Lines so raised are exceedingly dangerous to cyclists, and I was glad to hear that the local wheelmen intend to attack the authorities and have the lines lowered.

We may fairly be expecting that good weather will now set in, so that wheeling the country lanes will be a reality and not merely a thing to dream about. Some day, I suppose, I will be caught and be dragged before some austere bench of magistrates, but when I am out cycling, and I come across a greasy, sloppy stretch of road, I never hesitate in riding the footpath. Only once can I recall having been told I was breaking the law. Indeed, I remember once riding up to a policeman on the path, rather expecting he would knock me off my machine, drag me to the police-station, and keep me locked up for hours in a damp cell while he investigated whether the name and address I gave were correct—which is the action of all constables, according to scribes on the cycling papers. Maybe, it was my sweet smile, or, maybe, the policeman was a cyclist himself, but all he said to me was, "Roads are pretty bad, sir"—only that, and nothing more. Of course, one of these days I'll meet his antithesis. Up to now, however, I've always found the country policeman a decent and obliging fellow.

Upon my soul, I don't see why, when the roads are bad, we should not, in the country districts, be allowed to use the footpaths. If we were, I feel tolerably certain in declaring that our efforts would not be directed toward bowling over every old woman we met. The feeling is dying, though still there is an opinion with some folks that nothing gives a cyclist so much joy as to main a pedestrian. Now, as the country is in pressing need of money to pay for the South African War, why aren't footpath-tickets sold to cyclists? It is done in America in certain districts, and a considerable amount of money raised. I was once allowed to ride on the footpaths all round Cleveland in return for what the Americans colloquially call "two bits," which is a shilling, and I bought the tag to fasten to my machine at the shop of a cycle-repairer. The time is coming, and very quickly too, when we shall have plenty of cycle-tracks alongside our main-roads in England. We are a slow people, but, when we once get really to business, we move fast enough. So, as soon as we have one track, which is likely to be made at Bristol, many other authorities will rub their eyes and wonder why they didn't have them long ago. And these last two months, with all our roads inches deep in slush, what a boon some of those tracks would have been!

Who says the War Office doesn't appreciate the usefulness of cyclists? True, it has taken eighteen months of continuous drumming to make the gentlemen in Pall Mall understand that wheelmen might be utilised for warfare. They have been bombarded with advice and then with abuse. They seemed to turn the cold shoulder to the cyclist, refusing to recognise his utility. Yet, apparently, instead of being chill, they have simply been cogitating. The result, however, is that at last cyclists are to be made an effective force. The War Office has sanctioned the formation of eight cyclist corps, each of 120 men, and they are to undertake to serve in the field until the end of the War. J. F. F.



MR. EUGENE STRATTON ABOUT TO TAKE THE AIR FROM HIS CYCLE.

Photo by Foulsham and Banfield, Cavendish Square, W.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Lincoln.

It seems to be impossible to obtain any reliable information about the Lincolnshire Handicap. As for the market, that points everywhere and nowhere. I imagine Forfarshire was brought to the head of the quotations mainly because M. Cannon was reported as the jockey. A paragraph appeared in the



BELVOIR DEXTER, THE PROPERTY OF SIR GILBERT GREENALL.
Photographed at Belvoir Castle.

newspapers saying the Danebury horseman would probably ride Irish Ivy, and on the same day Marsh's mare advanced considerably in the betting. Contradictory accounts are repeatedly forthcoming as to Forfarshire; one day he does his work like a giant, another like a baby. One thing is certain, however: Mr. Dewar's colt will, in point of condition, be one of the fittest runners, and that goes a long way early in the season, when many horses win simply because their opponents are in an untrained state. Harrow is said to have pleased Wishard in a spin with Viper and Flambard, and it would be dangerous to overlook that astute trainer's selected. With regard to Misunderstood, a waiting policy is the best one. The stable in which she is trained does not wear its heart on its sleeve, but it shelters a useful mare in the one named. Little Eva has been in considerable public favour, but that does not argue stable confidence, and it must not be forgotten that General Peace is still in the race. I see no reason yet to throw over either Harrow or Misunderstood, but money will soon give us more reliable lines to work on than we have had up to the present.

Covert Hack. Covert Hack, who is in such favour for the Grand National, is a useful steeplechaser, judging by the "book." As a four-year-old, he won three small steeplechases in Ireland, showing, thus early, great aptitude at jumping a country. In his early five-year-old days, he ran at Lingfield, where, receiving 9 lb., he could finish only third to old Recipient and Senlac. A couple of months later, Lambay gave him 13 lb. and beat him in the Sandown Grand Military Gold Cup. At Chesham, in the same month, he tried to give 3 lb. to Fanciful, with the result that he was again third. In the Grand National, Fanciful has to concede a couple of pounds. Covert Hack won his first steeplechase in this country over two and a-half miles of the Grand National course; in the Stanley Steeplechase he beat several useful chasers, including Hidden Mystery, who fell. Going back to his native land, he won the Conyngham Cup (a four-mile steeplechase), a success he repeated twelve months later, on which occasion he beat Hugath Lath, who received 27 lb. In the meantime he had made himself notorious by knocking Hidden Mystery down in the Grand National. On the following day, he ran fourth to Bloomer in the Champion Steeplechase, in which race Duke of Wellington was left some way in the rear. An analysis of his form does not lead one to the conclusion that he is the certainty for the Grand

National some people think him, but he is apparently a safe jumper. He needs to be to complete the Grand National course. 'Tis said he does not run until in the big race. It would be better to give him a race or two in public.

"Form."

Grand National winners have not been in the habit of showing exalted form in races previous to the all-important one at Liverpool. Do my readers recollect The Soarer? Who amongst those at one or two Southern meetings where the son of Skylark ran early in 1896 had the remnant of an idea that they were watching a horse that was to carry off the highest honours of the cross-country season? Were you at Gatwick in December 1897, when Drogheda could run only second, four lengths behind Balmy, in a three-mile steeplechase? And, if you were, did you imagine for one moment that, just over three months later, Drogheda would beat the best chasers of England and Ireland and win the Blue Riband of the Chase? I don't think—writing from memory—that old Why Not distinguished himself during the months immediately preceding the Grand National of 1894; but when he jumped the Aintree country in that year what a giant he proved himself! Well, the moral of all this reminiscing is, put not your trust in form. On occasions—a very few occasions—form will pull you through, but in the majority of cases it were far better to ignore the "book." This year has been no exception to the general rule. Prospective competitors at Aintree have been disgracing themselves almost daily during the last three weeks, and very, very few, of them have shown anything like good form. It is quite possible, however, that some of those in the first-named class may show much better form on Friday, March 29.

CAPTAIN COE.

THE WOODLAND PYTCHLEY.

A day with Lord Southampton's pack, the Woodland Pytchley, is likely to be as enjoyable as anything that can be imagined in the hunting way, even in the grass countries. The district covers about twenty miles of Northamptonshire, and lies adjacent to the Cottesmore and Mr. Fernie's on the North, the Pytchley on the West, the Oakley on the South, and the Fitzwilliam on the East. Kettering, Market Harborough, Oundle, and Thrapston may be regarded as the most convenient centres. For this country, which in the main is pasture, a hunter of first quality is required, and happy is the man who with such a horse under him follows this bitch-pack when they are on the line of a strong fox. The Master carries the horn, and, as he has always done his best to show good sport, his intention to resign at the close of the season is viewed with much regret. The kennels are at Brigstock, and the Secretary is Mr. R. C. Fowler, Lowick.

I give herewith a portrait of Sir Gilbert Greenall's famous foxhound, Dexter, by whom all the winners at the last Belvoir Puppy Show were sired. The famous Belvoir Hunt dates from 1750, but became a pack of foxhounds in 1762, and, except for the period between 1830-57, when Lord Forester took over the hounds, the reigning Duke of Rutland has held the Mastership, until 1896, when Sir Gilbert Greenall took over the command.



WITH THE WOODLAND PYTCHLEY.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE Riviera has not been acting up to its usual sunshiny form so far this Season, and quite cold winds, interspersed with sharp showers and occasional snow, have been the portion of those who deserted this land of mourning rather earlier than usual for the hoped-for but not accorded balmy airs of the South. Of course, when the sun does vouchsafe an appearance in these parts, he does it with a right good will, but there has been too much "Northern weather" of late years to sustain the classic reputation of the Mediterranean Littoral, and old habitués who knew Monte Carlo with all its works and pomps twenty years ago and onwards declare the climate is slowly but steadily changing in the winter and early spring months.

I hear from friends stopping at different places along the coast that everybody remains wrapped in furs, and it would seem as if all the smart English contingent still continue to wear deep mourning—that is, amongst the women, for the British male abroad contents himself with blue serge or dark-coloured tweed with a mourning-band on the coat-sleeve. In brilliant contrast to the sombre garments of our countrywomen are the glittering gowns and gay garnitures of the Frenchwomen who foregather at Monte Carlo. This particular set revels in the newest picture-hats and gowns cut *décolletée* fashion—some very much so, some otherwise—and so give fresh object-lessons in the latest mode at the Rooms every evening. I have not heard of any considerable punting, so far, and the groupiers have been very much on their guard since recent disclosures, so the most sensational coup I hear of is that of a well-known Englishwoman



[Copyright.]

HELIOTROPE EMBROIDERED ON WHITE SILK.

who brought off a thousand pounds one afternoon by playing a bold game on single numbers. I hear she still adds to her winnings, too, by well-considered little plunges. My advice would now be— But who takes advice at delightful, intoxicating Monte?

Kate Reily has evolved some specially nice things for her customers fitting South, and a soft, delicious dove-grey silk muslin, with dainty white ribbons having black serrated edges, is further set forth by light lines of silver that show up in the most seductive manner. This is second mourning at its best and newest. Kate Reily is also



[Copyright.]

DINNER-GOWN OF LILAC AND CREAM LACE.

making gowns in black taffetas, a material which lends itself to decorative methods more than most others. Some of these gowns are treated to medallions of Chantilly or guipure, which are thrown up by the white taffetas lining. Others are corded all over in the new fashion, and a third style of ornamentation is supplied by the narrow lines of black or fancy bébé-ribbons which are overlaid in many novel devices of white and lavender. Grey cloths and white are in the list of novelties adopted from Paris models which they also show you in Dover Street; and there are lace dresses of the most ravishing specially prepared for Riviera wear, which those not already acquainted with Kate Reily's methods would do well to inspect, and (where possible) appropriate.

The meeting at Kempton last week was a diversified one in several senses. Brilliant sunshine, alternating with downpours of quite tropical intensity, while besides the really sporting variety of fair dames in loose-backed coats, unspoilable hats, and stiff cravats and collars, there was an abundance of sable and ermine-decked femininity, and even a few more frivolously attired whose subtleties in black must have been considerably out of repair after some of the sudden downpours we experienced.

It is a dear little course, always a favourite one with women, by reason of its ornamental surroundings and the excellent opportunity it affords, moreover, for the display of ineffable millinery on its smooth green lawns. A charming gown disported itself thereon at the meeting, built of corded taffetas with an exceedingly bouffant lower skirt, which must have been built of crinoline muslin to stand out, flower-fashion, as it did. A smart little coat of the same modish material had small,

pointed basques, a wide, frilled collar of black and silver guipure, and opened over a silk vest of white and silver stitchery wonderful to behold. It was made for the Riviera, and is now on its way, with other sartorial war-paint, to the Hermitage at Monte Carlo, that new hotel whither all Fashion's votaries are bound this Season.

I hear, in fact, of nothing but the Hermitage, its lovely views over Monaco, its cuisine, its lounge, its ultra-smart *table d'hôte* attendance, and, in fine, Monte Carlo has one more joy added to its joyous life in the fascinating fact of the Hermitage. Oh for the inexpensive transit of a dove! Lady Esher is, I hear, there at present; Mrs. Mackay, representing Colorado—or Goleconda, is it?—and Dukes, Princes, and Marquises galore, which are, indeed, as plentiful as "cartwheels" at Monte in the season, though, let us hope, not as lightly esteemed as are these cumbrous coins!

I particularly wish to bespeak everybody's interest, and, where possible, corporeal presence, at the Black and White Ball which takes place in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League at the Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel, on Monday (18th). It must have been a blow to the indefatigable Secretary, who works so hard in Our Dumb Friends' interest, that the Ball had to be postponed from Jan. 28, for the Society is in need of funds to carry on its excellent object. It is, therefore, to be hoped that all lovers of animals will "rally round the flag" on Monday. The tickets are only half-a-guinea, and are to be had from Mr. A. Coke, Honorary Secretary, Royal Palace Hotel. The Blue Hungarians will play, and an excellent supper can be had by reserving a table in advance at the moderate sum of 5s. each person. Ladies, it should be remembered, are to wear black-and-white gowns; while the men must sport white waistcoats and white buttonholes, which latter—not former, be it well understood—can be bought at the entrance, any profit going to the Society.

The Duchess of York's Antipodean outfit is extensive and various in the last degree. Although in the matter of externals restricted to black, and black only, yet particularly gorgeous and diversified effects have been obtained by Frederic, of Lower Grosvenor Place, who was entrusted with most of the dresses. That in which the future Queen of these realms will open the first Australian Parliament is made *en Princesse* of gauze, in which raised floral sprays appear. The train is immensely long, and shaped applications of jet relieve the soft dulness of the gauze. The Court-mantle to be worn with this beautiful

costume is a long cape of velvet, with shaped flounce, on which are insertions of Chantilly, while the yoke, closely gauged, is also decorated *en suite*. Endless evening-gowns, some of brocade, others dull Roman satin, which drapes so well; still others of a new material, moiré mousseline, embroidered gauze—a new kind of moiré, which hangs quite softly. Then there are silk and fancy striped moirés, and more beside. The Duchess of York does not go the length of never wearing a gown twice, as did the beautiful but extravagant Eugénie in the France of the 'forties. But Her Royal Highness will certainly not lack for change during the Australian Progress.

I have once more to remind my readers that pearls and diamonds are

quite *en règle* for full or half mourning, and the fascinating objects of that ilk set before them on these pages are the products of that prodigiously enterprising association, the Parisian Diamond Company, whose artistic manner of setting their own beautiful pearls and Parisian Diamonds have created a new era in the history of jewellery.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

FRIENDLESS (Nottingham).—Your best plan is to apply at the Gaiety or Savoy, where they try voices every week. But, unless you have an exceptional voice, be advised and leave it alone. London is flooded with mediocrities.

COUNTRY MOUSE (Highbury).—No; kid gloves are not smart or correct form for town wear, and are only affected by elderly ladies of economical constitution. I am sorry I cannot agree with you that these shiny horrors are "far nicer-looking" than the indispensable suede; but I frankly detest kid gloves: they make any costume *démodé*, however otherwise well-considered.

CASSE-UNE-CROUTE (Carrickmacross).—Yes, the novel and play are the same story. But I am sorry I cannot give you the information you require, as "Ouida" does not enthrall me, and I find life too short to read books

or sit out a play that would have no interest. I certainly think the books you name would have a vicious effect on your boy's mind, and consider it a pity you do not provide him with healthier food if you wish him to grow up a healthy-minded man. I have put your naïve request before a friend more skilled than I in these things, and will pass you on the list when received.

BRIGADE-MAJOR'S WIFE.—You cannot do better than give your bungalow into the hands of Messrs. Norman and Stacey, 118, Queen Victoria Street, who will decorate and furnish on their instalment plan, which is specially adapted to the needs of the better classes.

SYBIL.



PEARLS AND DIAMONDS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

The Grand Duke Michael and his pretty wife, the Countess Torby, like what they have seen of this country so well that they intend to spend in England the coming summer and autumn. The Grand Duke has taken, from Mr. Sneyd, Keele Hall, one of the glories of North Staffordshire.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 26.

THE OUTLOOK.

"HOPE deferred maketh the heart sick" about expresses the idea of the Stock Exchange on the subject of South Africa. There really is, or seems to be, some chance of the end being near at hand, but matters dawdle on in such a fashion that it is very doubtful if there will be much market improvement when hostilities are actually over. What the markets wanted was a dramatic announcement that Lord Kitchener and Louis Botha had arranged terms, not long-drawn-out negotiations such as now appear probable.

Some few weeks ago, we were able to give an illustration of the building in which the Bank of England commenced business, and this week we reproduce the interior of the first Royal Exchange, built by Sir Thomas Gresham in 1566 and destroyed by the Great Fire in the year 1666.

SOME GILT-EDGED GAS STOCKS, AND OTHERS.

Among the long list of cheap investments now available, Gas stocks deserve some regard. The securities are largely and firmly held by the old-fashioned investor, who bought them long years ago at prices beside which those of to-day look ridiculously, dizzily exalted. Why do they not sell, it might be asked, and take their profits? But Gas stockholders rarely sell unless they are obliged to do so, and what, after all, could they do with the money? Than a first-class Gas Company, such as the Commercial or the South Metropolitan, there are but few steadier undertakings, although, like other enterprises, they have to contend with especial drawbacks of their own, the price of coal above all. That panic which upset the Gas Market in the early days of electric-lighting is now but a laughing-stock. Some of the Gas Light and Coke Company's senior issues look cheap, and would look cheaper if the British Government were not borrowing at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; the company's Three per Cent. Debenture stock, standing at 94, yields about $3\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. The security appears ample, and, in normal days, perhaps par would be considered only a reasonable price for the stock. More tempting, however, is the Four per Cent. Debenture stock of the Brentford Gas Company, whose Ordinary stock is at 260. The existing Debenture stock of the company is quoted at 116, and there is a new issue that can be bought at a point or two cheaper. From this latter security a return of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. can be obtained, and the security is about as gilt-edged as any can be outside the charmed inner circle defined by the Trustee Act. South Metropolitan Gas Ordinary stock is yielding $3\frac{3}{4}$ to a purchaser at the present time, and, even though the current half-year's coal bill may cause the July accounts to look shabby, the company will probably make up for lost time in the second six months of 1901.

Of course, one of the disadvantages with which the Gas Stock Market has to contend is the constant issuing, by tender, of new stock. Such a course naturally tends to weaken quotations, and particularly when it is common knowledge that such-and-such a company has a stock-tap running. Still, this drawback notwithstanding, the market is a good one for the investor to carefully inquire about if he is satisfied with fair interest on safe stocks, the prices of which contain within themselves a very good chance of improving in value.

A STOCK EXCHANGE LETTER BUDGET.

Once more there have come into our hands a number of letters addressed from Stock Exchange offices to people, evidently clients, who seem to have been seeking suggestions, advice, and so forth. Once more we publish a selection of those which are of most general interest, repeating our former offer to return the documents to the writers upon the usual proofs of identity being given. Naturally, we cannot give the proper signatures.

Here is one letter that should prove of value to trustees and others concerned in the gilt-edged investment market. It is dated from Capel Court, the home of the steady-going broker famous for his financial antecedents—

DEAR SIR,—We are obliged by receipt of your letter of yesterday. In reply thereto, while we would greatly prefer that you should exercise your own judgment in the matter, we would point out that Consols as a form of Trustee investment do not possess the same prospect of advancing in capital value as the India or National War Loan stocks. India Threes are not redeemable until October 1948, but, although Consols are repayable at par in 1923, you must not

lose sight of the fact that the interest will be reduced to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. the year after next.

Besides the Government stocks, there are, of course, Home Railway Debenture and Preference securities which are eligible for your purpose, but the return on these at the present time is only between $2\frac{3}{4}$ and 3 per cent. If your Trust is not an absolutely strict one, and you feel disposed to accept some little risk, there is the new South-Eastern 4 per cent. Convertible Preference stock, with 75 per cent. paid, standing at 89. The return on this works out to about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—Yours faithfully,
COURT AND CAPEL.

Our next epistle is obviously an answer to someone who is eager to make money from discounting the Budget. It says—

DEAR SIR,—Your favour of yesterday duly to hand. We do not imagine that the coming Budget will cause any particular fluctuation in our markets, and we regret that we are unable to "give you a lead" as to how it can be turned to advantage. If the Sinking Fund should be suspended, no doubt Consols would have a bit of a jump, and any fresh taxation on tobacco and beer might modify some of the quotations in the Miscellaneous Market to a small extent. Your fears as to the proposed taxation of railway-tickets making Home Rails flat we cannot confirm, nor do we anticipate any further slump in Cycle shares should the machines be subjected to a licence. Tea shares will probably improve in value after their recent period of weakness, whatever legislation may be effected, and, to sum up our remarks, we see nothing in the reasonable or the foolish guesses regarding the coming Budget which is likely to affect our markets to any appreciable degree.—Yours truly, VERRY, PRACTICAL, AND CO.

Dipping into our bundle again, we discover, on a memorandum-form, the ensuing remarks about Bechuanaland Exploration shares—

In confirmation of our telephonic message this afternoon, we have bought for you two hundred Bechuanalands, as per accompanying contract note, with thanks. We are given to understand that the company is pursuing a quiet policy of development work. Although no sharp rise is anticipated, the price will probably advance steadily. At the close to-night there were buyers at 24s. per share.
Y. AND Z.

It would have been interesting to have heard the firm's opinion of Chartered shares after such sensible observations anent the sister company; but, although our budget contains nothing bearing upon Chartered, there is a neat little letter about Goldfields and Gold Trust. The writer starts—

DEAR SMITH,—I got your wire to-night, and have bought the hundred Goldfields ordered; send you contract enclosed. You ask whether you should "take them up or carry over in hope of snatching quick profit." That is rather difficult to say. If I knew for certain that the latter course was the better to pursue, I should buy myself all the Goldfields I could grab, and retire when the rise came and I had sold all my shares. But, speaking as a broker—who is liable to err, you know—I fancy

you had better take up the shares if you have the cash handy. It saves you a lot of money that you would have to spend in contangoing, and, once you have the shares locked up, you will feel it doesn't much matter what happens for a time. If you feel inclined for another spec., why not Gold Trusts? I think they are quite as cheap as Goldfields, relatively.

Hope you are better.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN K. AFFIR.

While mining shares are on the tapis, we will quote a short note headed from Drapers' Gardens. It contains what the City calls a "red-hot" tip—

DEAR JACOB,—Buy yourself Effuentas for all you are worth. They are the latest of Junglers, and the very best insiders say to me that the price must reach 10 for sure. The present quotation is round about 7s. 6d. premium. Telegraph immediately to your affectionate brother,
ESAU.

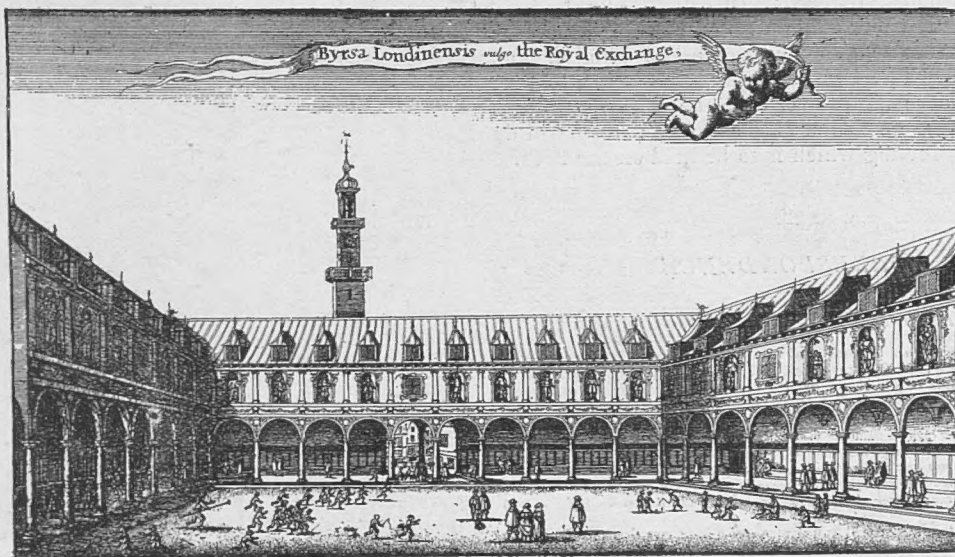
We will conclude our series with a letter about the Yankee Market. The client seems to have just returned to town after an absence of a week, and the brokers, sending him a difference cheque, go on to say—

We have done our best for you during your trip to Nice, but are glad that the responsibility of virtually running your account is ours no longer. The Yankee Market is in a peculiarly dangerous humour. Business has slackened off considerably, not only over here, but in New York as well. In the ordinary way, this cessation of orders would in itself be enough to check a booming market, but Yankees are upheld with astonishing strength. Notwithstanding the truly terrific rise that most of the shares have had, the market presents very few signs of weakening, and, if one day should bring easier prices, the next carries them up again to higher levels than ever. How long the strength will last, of course we cannot say, but at the moment the Yankee Market looks as hard as nails.—Yours faithfully,
COM. AND MISSION.

D. H. EVANS AND CO., LIMITED.

We have always favoured Drapery shares, and are, therefore, glad to be able to chronicle a continuation of the prosperity which has attended this company since its inception.

The shareholders have every reason to be satisfied with their investment. Every succeeding year has brought with it increased prosperity to the company, and the past twelve months has proved to be better than any



INTERIOR OF THE FIRST ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Engraved by W. Hollar, 1647.

preceding year in its history. At the forthcoming meeting, the Directors will recommend the payment of a final dividend on the Ordinary shares of 13 per cent., making, with the interim dividend, 18 per cent. for the year, and carrying forward £10,577, as against £7465 a year ago. The Founders' shares get a total distribution for the year of £8 per share, and £2777 is carried forward to the credit of this class. The following comparison shows at a glance the steady expansion of the business—

	1901.	1900.	1899.	1898.
Ordinary dividend per cent.	18 ...	15 ...	13½ ...	12
Founders', per share	£8 ...	£7 ...	£4 ...	£3

THE UNITED STATES BREWING COMPANY SQUABBLE.

The causes which have brought about the passing of the Ordinary dividend and the heavy drop in this company's securities have never been properly explained by the commonplaces with which the Directors have from time to time endeavoured to quiet the shareholders, but, if half of what Mr. Marchbank and the shareholders associated with him say is true, the mystery is explained. It is said that, while three of the Managers' salaries have been raised from £4000 to £16,000 a-year, these same gentlemen have been allowed to acquire five other breweries which sell their beer in competition with the United States Brewing Company, so that, while drawing the pay and controlling the destinies of the English concern, its servants are the real owners of the opposition. What wonder that profits have declined? Imagine a baker or a butcher keeping a highly paid Manager who owned, or was even a partner in, a similar shop two or three doors higher up the street!

The Directors appear to have known what was going on, and profess to defend the position by saying that "the sales have increased." This may be true, but what is the use of sales without profits? Of course, the Managers have turned the lean trade over to the United States Brewing Company, and kept the fat business for themselves, an expedient which even the most innocent Directors might have anticipated. Space forbids us from going at length into the other charges which are made, but the shareholders are asked to attend an informal meeting on the 15th inst., and we strongly advise them to take advantage of the occasion to learn all they can of the true inwardness of the business, before they make up their minds as to what they will do at the Extraordinary General Meeting which is to be held on the 25th.

Saturday, March 9, 1901.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions, but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHESTER.—Letters arriving after Saturday morning cannot be answered in the next issue. We do not advise purchase of either company at present prices. If you had read our Notes from week to week, you would not have asked about the Jungle concern.

C. C.—We have heard that these people do not always pay, and we have seen a letter in which they say that, if pressed by the client, they will plead the Gambling Act! This ought to be enough for you to form your own conclusions upon.

J. H.—The general idea is that Home Rails are in for a period of declining trade, and the increase of capital now going on in many cases is not likely to improve matters. As to Coras, we do not like to advise you to turn them out at such a loss, but they may well be worse before they see your figure again. As to the theatre, the shares were never well-subscribed, and have always been a poor market. They are speculative, but it cannot be worth while to sell at the current price. The eating-house shares are all right, and, as to those of this company, you must know that we have never given an opinion. It would hardly be decent of us to do so.

AGNES.—See this week's Notes.

O. J. H.—Your letter was answered on the 5th inst.

NEVER AGAIN.—The market has a very poor opinion of this concern, and certainly the Board is not a good one. We should sell if the shares were our own, but a mine of this sort might tumble on something good by accident.

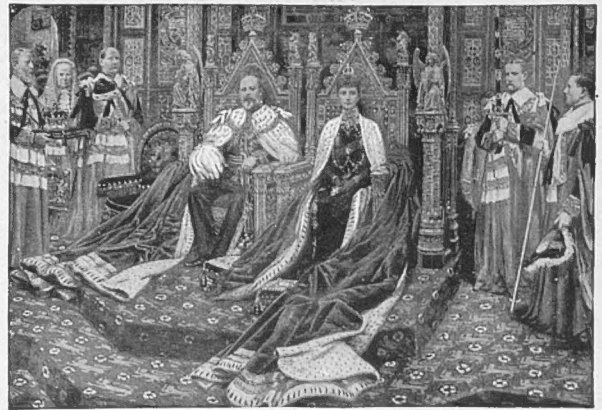
G. D.—Your letter was answered on the 9th inst.

KYLE.—The Board of Mount Usher is a practical one, but we know of no reason to expect a rise. The other concern has very little to recommend it.

E. L. M.—This Distillery is a wretched concern. The Preference shares are not really Preference, for they represent £355,000, with only £70,000 Ordinary behind them, and with £150,000 of Debentures in front. To state the capital is enough to condemn it. The profits have never been enough to make the dividend safe. The price of your £5 share is 1½—2½, and a bad market at that. The company has not gone wrong, for it never was right.

H. B. J.—We have sent you the name and address of the broker.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAVURES



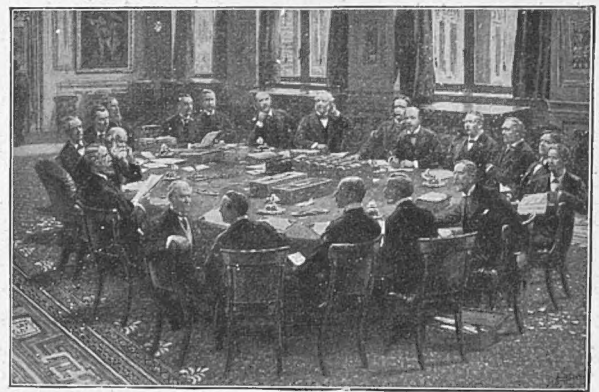
THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT IN STATE, FEB. 14, 1901.

In course of preparation, 300 Artist's Proofs from this fine painting by Mr. S. Begg. The price will be £2 2s. each; Prints, £1 1s. each. Size, exclusive of margin, 24 by 17 inches. Printed on India paper in highest class style. Ready in April.



The above is a small direct reproduction from the Great Portrait of Queen Victoria by Benjamin Constant. The Illustrated London News will shortly issue 500 Photogravures, all Artist's Proofs, each one signed, numbered, and stamped. Price Ten Guineas.

This Painting is the last one from life, and was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. As this edition is now nearly all taken up, intending subscribers should send in their orders at once to The Publisher, 198, Strand, W.C.



THE FIRST CABINET OF KING EDWARD VII.
(With Key.)

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